

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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WHO WOULD LIKE A HUNDRED POUNDS?

A FIGHT WITH AN ELEPHANT

THRILLING ESCAPE

Big-Game Hunter Tells the C.N. of an Astonishing Encounter

WHY DID THE ELEPHANT RUN AWAY?

Unless God had been there, nothing could have saved him. I can scarcely believe now that he is still alive.

That was the comment repeated over and over again in a tone of deep wonder and reverence by a native chief in Uganda; one of the companions on an elephant-tracking expedition of a British hunter, Mr. J. Morewood Dowsett.

Mr. Dowsett is a famous traveller and big-game man. He has been in all parts of the world after all kinds of quarry, and during the war his knowledge of the Empire came in very useful. He assisted the Y.M.C.A. in looking after Overseas troops, entertained them, showed them the sights of London, and lectured to them in many parts.

He is, with all his experience and after all his adventures, a modest man, and a correspondent of the C.N. who sought him out had some difficulty in inducing him to tell the story of what he, as well as the native chief, considers a miraculous escape.

Black Chief's Warning

"It was in June," he said. "We had been tracking a particular herd for some time. At daylight we started after them, and before long found ourselves close to the main body of the herd. Through the bush and scrub we could see 17 of them, digesting their breakfast.

"They were within 20 yards of us, and I got out my camera to take some pictures. About 200 yards away there were nine more of the herd.

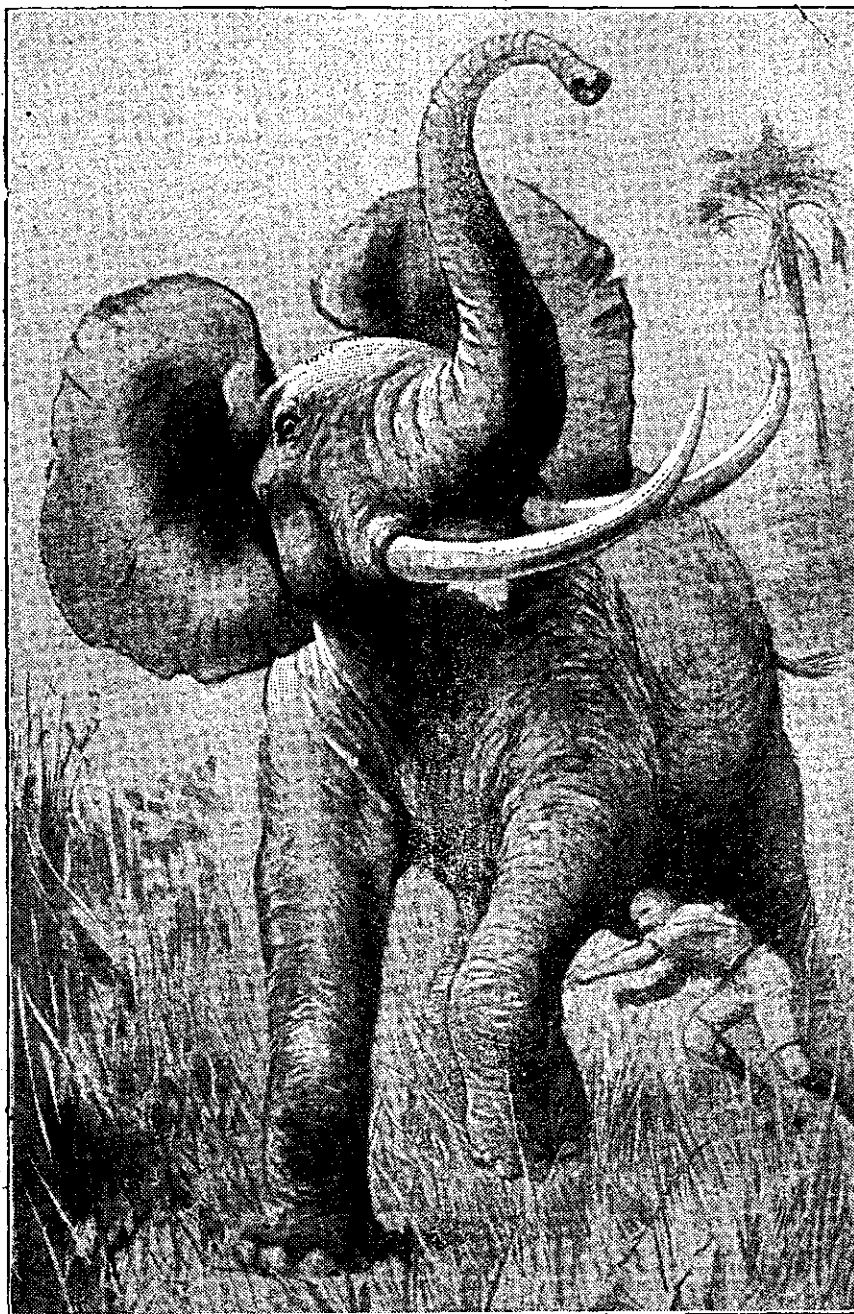
"I had taken some photographs when I felt a touch upon my arm. As I cannot speak the native language of this region it had been arranged that whenever the chief saw danger he should tap three times on my arm. I looked round and nodded, but, anxious to get another photograph, I cocked up the camera, and as I did so received on my arm three tremendous thumps from the frightened chief. At the same moment I heard a crashing in the bush, and saw a huge bull elephant making straight for me."

Facing Death

Then the coolness and assurance of the practised hunter came to his aid. He dropped the camera and snatched up his rifle, and shot the bull through the heart. Just to make sure, he gave the creature the second barrel as well, and then he turned, and, as he thought, ran after the rest of the party.

Unfortunately, he missed the track the others had taken, and got to leeward of the elephants, so that they could now scent him. Before he had run

Hunter's Desperate Leap for Life



Mr. Dowsett, a famous British traveller who has just returned to London, had this thrilling experience in Africa. A wild elephant charged him, and he only escaped by taking a flying leap under the creature's legs while it was trying to trample him to death. See next column

roo yards another big bull broke through the bush and charged him.

The animal's trunk was held in the shape of an S so as to get all the scent that was going, its ears were widely spread, and it trumpeted with a terrible roar. It was on the hunter in a second, and with its trunk knocked him violently down. As he rolled, he saw the huge feet feeling for him and methodically pressing down the soil with cat-like softness but deadly force.

But the creature did not make a sound. The next instant he would have crushed his victim flat, but Mr. Dowsett, thinking he might as well make a jump for it, took a flying leap under the bull, trying to get to windward of him, so that he could run without betraying which way he had gone; but the elephant turned too quickly, and knocked him down again with his legs

as he was turning. Again Mr. Dowsett thought he was done. He was on his back. He could hear the tremendous sniffing of the creature's trunk, and could see its enormous tusks. But he made one more effort, picked himself up and made another bolt. Then to his astonishment he saw the animal making off at full speed.

"What made him go when he had me at his mercy?" asks Mr. Dowsett, and he went on, in telling the story: "I'll tell you what I believe; he'd seen something. What had he seen? I don't know. I only know that somehow Providence intervened to save me. The natives say that God was there. I'm content to leave it at that."

It is a thrilling story, and we are grateful to Mr. Dowsett for telling it so dramatically to the C.N. It gives us all much food for thought.

BALLOON RACE ACROSS ENGLAND

14 Gas-Bags Driven by the Wind

EXCITING ADVENTURES OF AMERICAN AERONAUTS

A balloon race seems like a return to the old-fashioned days of our fathers.

With aeroplanes and airships that can be steered, there is little use for the balloon today, yet a great international balloon race has just been flown in Europe for the Gordon-Bennett prize.

Fourteen balloons rose from Brussels, and the wind carried them wheresoever it would. It blew at 40 miles an hour due west, so away they all came, one after another, across Belgium, over the North Sea, over England and Wales, and two of them out across the Irish Sea.

Across London at Midnight

One reached the Irish coast, and came down at Lambay, three miles from Dublin, its pilot, the Swiss Captain Armbruster, with 463 miles to his credit, being the winner.

The second was the English balloon, Margaret, piloted by Mr. Henry Spencer, a name famous in aeronautic history. The Margaret had a wonderful voyage; she saw the lights of Belgium, she saw London in its midnight glory of illumination, and heard Big Ben strike; she saw England and Wales wake up and go to work, and finally she came down at Fishguard, in Pembroke, because there was not a wind favourable for crossing to Ireland. Her record was 415 miles.

The most thrilling experience was that of an American balloon with Mr. Bernard Von Hoffman and Pilot McKibben on board. They travelled all the night across England and Wales, and crossed the Irish Sea to within five miles of the coast. Then the wind threatened to carry them toward the Arctic.

Thrown into the Sea

In such circumstances the balloonist throws out ballast to make his craft rise higher in the hope of finding the right current at a different altitude, then lets out gas to make the balloon sink to a lower level. But there was no favouring gale, and the time came when they were in danger of sinking into the sea.

They threw out their ballast, they threw out their instruments, their food, their spare clothes. But the craft could not rise; she had lost too much gas.

Ships passed without noting their signals of distress, and the situation was desperate until they dropped low to the sea near the steamer Thistle. McKibben was knocked out of the rigging by the bump, and the balloon, suddenly relieved of his weight, shot up into the sky again with Von Hoffman aboard.

Before he could get her down he had to rip open the envelope and cause all the gas to escape, whereupon the balloon collapsed into the sea, where a waiting boat was ready to rescue him.

HOW BIG IS THE UNIVERSE?

What the Mount Wilson Telescope Reveals

ISLAND SIX MILLION MILLION MILLION MILES ACROSS

How big is the universe? Before we answer the question we must understand what we mean by the universe.

The word is used in various senses. Sometimes we mean by universe the total of all existing things in space, but the word is now used also in the sense of a star system of limited extent occupying only a part of space. When using the word in this sense scientists often qualify it, and speak of an island universe, because this limited universe forms, as it were, an island in the great sea of space.

Now, it is in this sense that the question How big is the universe? is being asked at the present time.

Hitherto answers to such a question have been mere guesses, but the magnificent telescope and other astronomical instruments at the famous Mount Wilson Observatory in America have enabled something like an accurate answer to be based on actual ascertained facts.

Figures Too Vast to Grasp

The astronomers at Mount Wilson declare that in the particular universe of stars to which our solar system belongs light would take a million years to travel from one edge of the universe to the other.

We know that light travels 186,000 miles a second, and so by working out a rather long sum we can discover, as Mr. John Bray, a member of the Astronomical Society of France, points out, that our universe is nearly six million million million miles across from edge to edge.

Worked out by the astronomers, and taking into consideration fractions and not merely round numbers, the width of our universe is given as 5,869,713,600,000,000,000 miles.

And yet this island universe is really a very small part of the whole universe of space. Truly we may say, as St. Paul once said, "Who is sufficient for these things?" Such figures pass our comprehension altogether.

WHO ARE THE SCOTS?

Celts and Saxons from the Same Stock

Sir Arthur Keith, as he told the members of the British Association, is of the opinion that the Scottish, like most of the inhabitants of the British Isles, are of Scandinavian origin.

Even the Celtic Scot has just the same form of body and the same shape of head as the Scandinavian races. About 11,000 B.C., of course, Scandinavia and Scotland were joined together, and on the northern shores of the isthmus uniting them there dwelt a fishing people now sometimes called the Harpoon Folk, and these were the ancestors of the Scottish and Norse races.

These primitive Scandinavian Harpoon Folk were probably descendants of people in the South-west of Europe, of a darker type than the present Scandinavian; and Sir Arthur Keith believes that the darker colouring of the Scot is a characteristic transmitted from his Southern ancestors, and is not to be attributed to admixture at a later date with Mediterranean races.

When, therefore, Scotland in early historical times was invaded by Danes and Norsemen it was invaded by its own original race.

There are, however, traces of round-heads to be found in Scotland all the way from Berwick to John o' Greats, and these indicate an invasion of a superior crofter race, who had probably come from the Caspian Sea, and reached Scotland some thousands of years B.C.

THE BROKEN MAP

TRAGEDY OF HUNGARY

Greatest Loser in Europe by the War

SORROWS OF A PATRIOT

By Our Hungarian Correspondent

Our Hungarian correspondent, in reminding us that Hungary has been by far the greatest loser of European territory in the war, draws us the map which we give below.

The vertical lines in the North show the losses to Czechoslovakia. The horizontal lines to the East show the losses to Rumania. The vertical lines in the South mark the States annexed by Jugo-Slavia. The dotted area in the West is likely to go to Austria.

We give our correspondent's comments.

The map shows the thousand-years-old boundaries of Old Hungary and the present boundaries of poor New Hungary, only one-third of the old country.

As a child and as a man I have drawn Hungary's map a hundred times. I could draw it in my dreams. But how my heart aches to draw the map now!

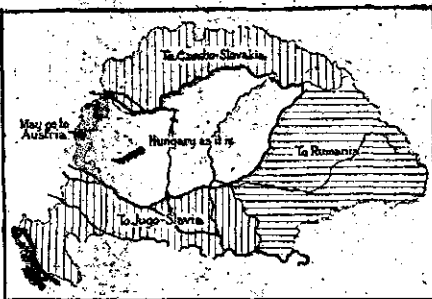
Hungary Now

Look at it! The northern part, torn away by the Bohemians, has gold, silver, iron, coal, and immense forests, besides health resorts. The eastern part, torn away by the Rumanians, has salt and coal and forests. The Serbians have taken the southern parts that were Hungary's larder; and now Austria, who led us into war, claims the western part.

Thus there remains for us only the Lowland, and we are in a very large trap.

Hungary must begin a new life. But she begins with faith and hope as her only strength, for her forests, mines, rich towns, and her brethren are taken away.

Instead of a population of over 18 millions we now have under eight millions. We had six million acres of cornfields, and now we have only half of



Hungary before and after the War

it. We have lost half of our famous vineyards. Of 13,000,000 acres of forests there remain only 200,000 acres. All the salt mines are lost. Of coal we have 25 million cwt. less than we had.

We had 420 factories, but have lost more than half. Our railways have diminished from 20,000 to 8000 kilometres; our locomotives from 4950 to 1550; our passenger carriages from 8700 to 2300; our goods wagons from 106,000 to 18,000.

Then the situation of our schools is very sad. The colleges where our fathers were educated, some old and famous, are in many cases now teaching foreign languages, not Hungarian. We have lost 60 training schools for teachers, 121 grammar schools, and 27 merchant schools. Of 19,950 elementary schools only 7600 remain ours.

The English-Speaking Children

The Hungarian children who have returned from your England after ten months' absence reached Budapest all fresh and strong and healthy. They were very gay. They told with great joy how happy they had been in England and what fine food they had.

Each one speaks English, and some of the youngest had forgotten Hungarian!

If I were a great known man I would write a letter of thanks to each family in England that fed our Hungarian children, and I would say, "Mighty England, a thousand thanks to you! We shall never forget what you have done for our poor children!"

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

Soap is now made from lemon-pips.

In Birmingham there are 3500 people named Smith and 420 named Jones.

At an engineer's wedding recently an arch of honour was formed of crowbars.

A farmer was fined one pound at Carmarthen for allowing a curling horn to grow into a lamb's head.

Another poor, harmless grass snake has been killed, this time in a train at Broxbourne, on the Great Eastern.

Many thanks to a Scottish reader who sends the Editor a sprig of heather from where Macbeth met the witches.

Passing of a Millionaire Philanthropist

Sir Ernest Cassel, who gave more than a million pounds to British charities, has just died.

A Dog Goes Fishing

An Airedale terrier on a Sussex farm has caught fifteen roach in a pond where the water was low.

Honest Readers

Only one book has been lost from the St. Olave Library in Bermondsey, London, during the past fifteen years.

Giant Mushroom

A mushroom has been gathered at Chalon-sur-Saône, France, measuring 42 inches across and weighing nine pounds.

Poor Pussy

A cat had arrived at Dover after a voyage from Baltimore, during which it has been imprisoned for 25 days without food.

New Woman M.P.

There is now a second woman M.P. in Parliament, Mrs. Wintringham, widow of the former member, having been elected for Louth.

Cider Puts a Fire Out

The water supply failing, the villagers of Moustoir Remungol, a small French village, fought and subdued the flames of a burning house with cider.

Millions of War Medals

In little more than two years 7,110,600 war medals have been issued to British soldiers who fought in the war, and there are still many to be distributed.

Courage at a Zoo

A keeper in the New York Zoo having been bitten by a snake, Dr. Ditmars, the curator, sucked the poison from the wound, and it is hoped the man will live.

Treasure Found in an Inn

A painting by Correggio, looted from Cambray by German troops ignorant of its value, has been found in a Hamburg inn, which had bought it for a small sum.

Terrible Mine Disaster in Australia

An explosion at the Mount Mulligan coal mine, near Cairns, in Queensland, owing to a week-end accumulation of gas, wrecked the mine, and 78 miners were killed.

Something New from the Pineapple

A machine has been invented for separating the fibres from pineapple leaves, and ropes have been made of pineapple fibre which will bear a weight of over a ton.

The Old Man's Holiday

An old inmate of Burton-on-Trent workhouse, having saved £10 in the institution, has just spent the money on a holiday. He found himself registered as dead at his old home.

Cat on a Church Tower

A cat which had climbed the ivy-clad tower of Leigh Church, Essex, after birds was unable to get down. Volunteers tried to rescue it, but without success, and after two days a steeplejack went up and saved the cat.

A Short Stay

Mr. John Davies, while travelling to Europe on the Aquitania, heard by wireless of his mother's death in America. Directly he landed at Cherbourg he arranged to return on a steamer just leaving, and his stay in Europe lasted only two hours.

LISBON UNDER WATER

Portuguese Capital Caught by a Cloudburst

STREETS LIKE RUSHING RIVERS

Lisbon, the Portuguese capital, has just suffered from a terrific storm, worse than anything known there within living memory.

A deluge of rain like a cloudburst, accompanied by thunder and lightning, struck the city suddenly, and for hours the torrents fell, the water rushing down the narrow streets and bursting into houses and shops.

Doors were carried away, windows burst in, and many people were trapped and drowned in their small rooms. Others were carried into the sewers by the torrent, and for a day or two the streets became rivers.

Immense damage was done; and broken furniture, goods from shops, and the dead bodies of animals were seen floating everywhere.

Sailors and firemen did splendid service in rescuing people, who in many cases stood for hours up to their shoulders or chins in water waiting for help.

In one street a wall collapsed owing to the pressure of the water, and seven people were killed and others injured. How many people have been drowned altogether is not known, but it must be a considerable number. The hospitals were filled with the injured, and as soon as the waters began to subside a search of the flooded houses began.

Such an experience for the capital of a European country is almost unique.

DWARFS AND GIANTS

Curious Results of Diseased Glands

Some years ago there lived two famous dwarfs—Tom Thumb and his wife—and crowds went to see them.

Now these famous dwarfs are dead, but nevertheless scientific men today know a good deal about them that was not known in their lifetime.

For within the last few years it has been discovered that most cases of arrested growth are due to disease either of the thyroid gland in the neck or of the pituitary gland at the base of the brain; and Professor Halliburton, who lectured on dwarfs and giants at the British Association, told his hearers that Tom Thumb was a thyroid dwarf and his wife a pituitary dwarf. Dwarfs are, in fact, simply products of disease.

Giants, too, are products of disease, and are due to disorders of the pituitary gland.

O'Brien, the famous Irish giant eight feet high, owed his great height to disease of the gland at the base of his brain.

C.A.T.S.

Why They Refused Their New Clothes

The Air Ministry recently prepared new uniforms for the Civil Air Traffic Staff at Croydon Aerodrome, and part of this uniform consisted of a blue jersey with four initials on the front worked in red, representing the name of the corps.

The staff donned the uniforms and paraded, but when the initials C.A.T.S. across the chest were read as a familiar word by the other employees at the aerodrome a roar of laughter went up.

So persistent was the chaff that the C.A.T.S. declined to wear the new jerseys until the letters were removed.

Pronunciations in this Paper

Alcala	Ahl-kah-lah
Ludwigshaven	Loot-vigs-hah-fen
Oppau	Op-pow
Pegasus	Peg-a-sus
Pituitary	Pe-tu-e-tary
Sotto voce	So-to vo-chay

WAR ON THE MOSQUITO

GREAT CAMPAIGN BEING WAGED IN ENGLAND

Slaying Two Million Pests a Day

HOW AMERICA CAN GAIN £100,000,000

The war against the mosquito has been fought and won in Panama, but there are many other places where the fight is still going on.

One of these is England. During the past summer there has been a plague of mosquitoes in various parts of the country, and now a great campaign against the pest has been organised in the South of England, with headquarters at Hayling Island, near Portsmouth.

There Mr. J. F. Marshall has established a laboratory from which, with the aid of assistants, he directs the campaign and organises new methods of destroying the enemy.

The chief means of killing the foe is by spraying the ditches and ponds with paraffin, and in this way it is estimated that two million mosquitoes in the larval and pupal state are killed every day.

The Film of Paraffin

At the same time mosquitoes are kept in incubators for experimental purposes, so that other methods of warfare may be thought out.

The mosquito, as most of us know, is a winged insect that lays its eggs, joined together in rafts, on stagnant water, where they float till the larva hatches out. The head, being heavier than water, sinks, and the creature floats upside down. While the head is below the larva is busily feeding, and the creature breathes through a tube at the tail end above. Later, it changes into a pupa, and then floats with the head uppermost and breathes through tubes in its chest.

In both states, however, it must breathe, and so, when the ponds and ditches are sprayed, a thin layer of paraffin covers the water, and the creature, being unable to breathe, is suffocated. Short of thoroughly draining a large area, and thus destroying all possible breeding places, this is the best means yet devised of fighting the pest.

The Pest Reaches Australia

The war is being waged just as fiercely in Australia, to which country the mosquito was probably carried in the larval and pupal state in the water-tanks of old sailing ships.

In some States of America thorough drainage has almost abolished the mosquito, but in New Jersey it still does much harm, and the State Department of Conservation and Development has just issued a report in which it states that if the mosquito could be eliminated the industrial value of the State would be increased by £100,000,000 in about twenty years.

With an annual expenditure of £30,000 or £40,000 for five years New Jersey could rid itself of the mosquito for ever, but at the present rate of expenditure it will take fifteen years.

DOOM OF THE TEA-POT

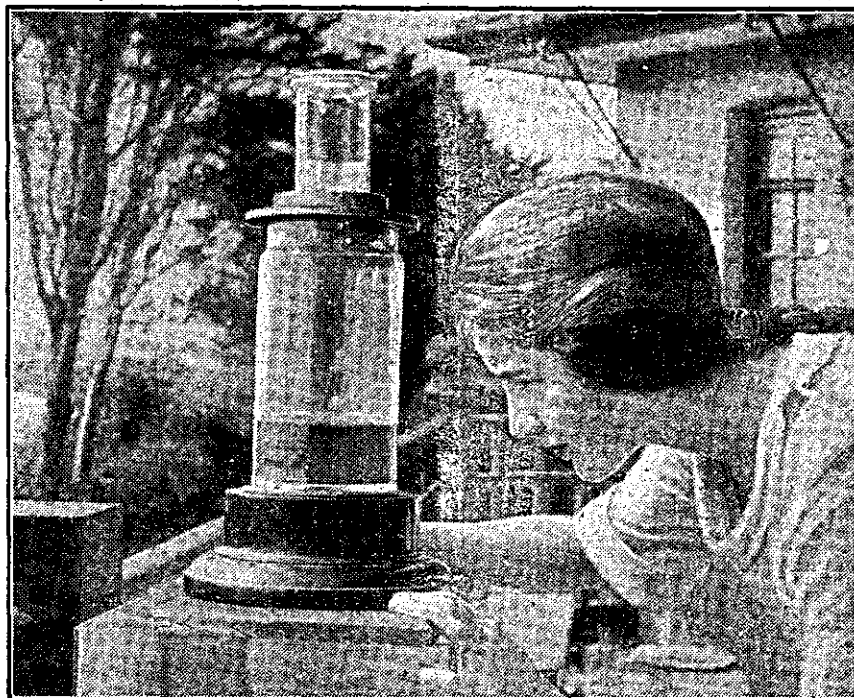
Will it Disappear from the Kitchen?

Everyone knows how important it is for the kettle to boil when making a pot of tea, and what an insipid mixture results if the water is not boiling.

But now two Japanese chemists have discovered a means of extracting a fragrant essence from tea-leaves, a little of which has merely to be added to water just hot enough for drinking. The doom of the tea-pot seems at hand!

Tea-leaves are steamed and pressed, when a liquid is obtained which has to be carefully concentrated in a vacuum evaporator. The essence is then bottled, and a few drops added to a cup of hot water is said to make a cup of tea equal to any made in a pot with boiling water.

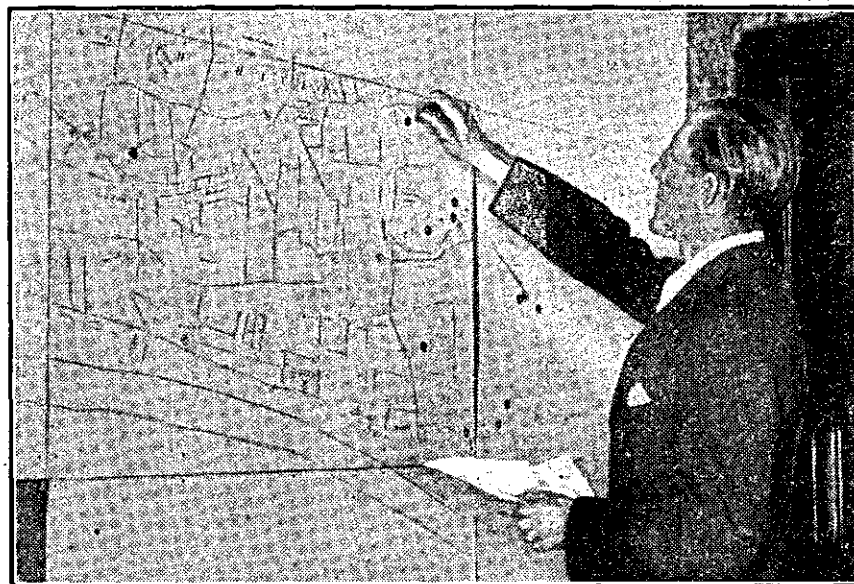
THE BATTLE AGAINST THE MOSQUITO



An incubator at the laboratory hatching mosquitoes for experiment purposes



Spraying paraffin on a ditch where mosquitoes breed



Marking the progress of the great war against mosquitoes on the large map

The mosquito has been a great plague this summer in England, as in other countries, and a fierce campaign is being waged against it. Its lairs are sprayed with paraffin, and two million larvae are killed every day in this way. These pictures show scenes at the laboratory of Mr. J. F. Marshall, who is in charge of the campaign. See next column

WILL FLOWERS LOSE THEIR COLOURS?

MEN OF SCIENCE THINK THEY MAY

Insects to Join the Unemployed

HOW NATURE'S WAYS ARE ALWAYS CHANGING

There was a time in the history of plant life when flowers had neither scent nor beauty, and naturalists suggest that the world's wild flowers may slowly return to similar conditions.

The beauty and fragrance of flowers exist, not for the gratification of mankind, but simply to please and lure the insects.

The purpose of all plants is to be fruitful and multiply, and, in order that they may do so, it is essential that some agency should carry the pollen from the stamen of one growth to the stigma of another. There the two elements combine, and a fertile seed is formed.

Attracting the Insects

Insects are the greatest of pollen-carriers, and it is solely in order to attract these indispensable allies that flowers have gradually evolved scent and colour. These attributes are the flower's advertisements, telling the insect to approach and drink the store of concealed nectar.

It had been thought that either insects, birds, or winds must carry pollen in the way described in order to enable plants and trees to produce fruit and seed, but it is discovered that this slow-working law of change is silently altering.

The dandelion and hawkweed, for example, are discovered to be capable of forming fertile seed without the help of pollen at all. This makes them independent of the aid upon which most growths rely. Such a change must have been an enormous time in coming about, though apparently it has only now been perceived by science.

The suggestion is made that this perfect self-reliance of the plant upon its own resources is so profitable that the principle is bound to extend to other growths, and that with the long process of time the need will pass for plants to flaunt gay colours, to exhaust themselves in producing scent, and that, with the passing of the necessity, the qualities we all love will pass too.

Giants of the Past

Nature has brought about her present family of plants by many experiments, and we have evidence that her methods have been changing even within relatively recent times.

Once she specialised in trees of enormous growth, which took ages to mature and century after century to decay. The giant sequoias are examples. But that type is passing away. Nature is engaged now in the production of trees which attain to great proportions in much less time, mature, decline, and pass away, leaving their place for new growths.

Of course, the exquisite beauty of modern flowers owes much to the skill of man in cultivating, and doubtless that same skill will preserve the scent and savour of multitudes of forms which Nature might specialise into what seems to us unloveliness.

CHEMIST'S NEW IDEA

Paper from Aeroplane Wings

Aeroplane fabric is treated with a waterproof varnish known as dope, and a new process has been put into use for extracting the dope from the wings of dismantled or scrapped aircraft.

The fabric is put into a liquid, which dissolves out the cellulose compound of which dope is made, and this is concentrated and used again for new aeroplanes. The fabric then goes to the paper mills, and is turned into paper.

P.O. JUBILEE

SIXTEEN MILLION PEOPLE
SAVE £260,000,000

Gladstone's Fine Work for
Boys and Girls

SIXTY YEARS OF THE POST OFFICE SAVINGS BANK

The Post Office Savings Bank has just celebrated its Diamond Jubilee, and certainly this is one of the very best institutions established by any government for the benefit of its people, for by making it easy to save small sums of money the Government helps to make the nation thrifty.

But one of the most interesting things about the Post Office Savings Bank is that it recognises the importance of children and their pocket-money. When it was established facilities were given for the saving of such small amounts as single pennies, which previously all the big banks had despised, and it was distinctly stated that this was for the benefit of boys and girls.

Taking Care of the Pence

Even today the official Post Office Guide, published by His Majesty's Stationery Office, continues this recognition, and states that "Forms to which stamps may be affixed are supplied at post offices for the assistance of children and others unable to save more than a penny or two at a time."

These forms contain twelve spaces, in each of which a penny stamp can be stuck, and when the form is full it can be taken to the nearest post office and a Savings Bank account opened.

It is a fine idea to think that a boy or girl receiving only a penny a week can have a banking account and a bank book like any merchant or millionaire.

The idea of using the post offices of the kingdom as savings banks for the people was first thought out by Sir Charles Sykes, a banker of Huddersfield.

A Safe for Every Home

Mr. Gladstone took up the matter with enthusiasm, and on May 17, 1861, an Act of Parliament was passed to establish the Post Office Savings Bank, which began business on September 16.

On the opening day 438 people deposited £911, and from that day to this the thrift of the people has gone on increasing, until last year the amount on deposit in the bank was £266,000,000, all saved in small sums. The number of depositors is about sixteen millions, several millions being boys and girls.

Many additional facilities have been added since, one of the last being the provision of home safes—steel money-boxes which are lent to depositors, the post offices retaining the keys. Every home in the land could have one.

Any odd coins or regular amounts may be dropped into these home safes, and then when the box is full it can be taken to the nearest post office, opened by the postmaster, and the amount placed to the credit of the depositor.

American's Bright Idea

The home safe was really the idea of Mr. C. O. Burns, a commercial traveller of San Francisco. One day he thought to himself, "I am not saving a cent." So he began there and then placing coins in a toy money-box on his mantelpiece; but when a fair amount had been saved the box was opened and the money spent on some article of luxury.

Then Mr. Burns thought to himself, "If I had thrown away the key I could not have spent the money." But a better idea came to him: "Why not give the key to the cashier at the Savings Bank?"

Later, he drew up a scheme for home safes to be lent by the banks, which was at once taken up in America. Now the plan has spread to practically every country that has a banking system.

The value of the British Post Office Savings Bank is that all money deposited is guaranteed by the British Government, so that it is absolutely safe.

LIFT TO THE TOP OF THE ALPS

Up the Jungfrau by
Railway

EASY ROUTE TO A LOFTY PEAK

Mountain climbing is generally regarded as the most dangerous and adventurous form of holiday-making possible. None but the bravest, strongest, and most determined have hitherto been able to stand on an Alpine peak and look down upon the white world below; but soon this will be an experience that the laziest and the feeblest can enjoy.

The Jungfrau is one of the most famous of the Alpine pinnacles, and a cog railway, which starts at Kleine Scheidegg, rather more than a mile up, carries travellers to Jungfraujoch, a station over two miles from the foot.

It is an exciting experience, for the railway runs up the mountain at an angle of 22 degrees, which means that it rises 25 feet in every hundred.

When the traveller leaves the train at Jungfraujoch station, however, there are still 2206 feet of difficult mountain climbing on foot to be performed before he reaches the summit, 13,547 feet above sea level.

Now it is proposed to extend the railway by means of excavations and tunnels until it reaches a spot in the centre of the conical summit of the mountain directly beneath its peak.

Then, from the end of the tunnel, a shaft is to be bored vertically to the top, and up this an electric lift will carry travellers to the very topmost pinnacle of the mountain.

Thus, by easy travelling in cushioned vehicles, the least adventurous of us will be able to stand on one of the highest points of the Alps and look down on the mighty snow-clad peaks all round below.

Another of the great adventures and romances of life will have been made commonplace and familiar by modern engineering skill.

ANTS AGAINST MAN

House Invasion in Queensland

The ravages of the white ant are becoming so serious in Queensland that settlers are baffled in devising suitable means of protection against them.

It has been found that the metal caps placed on top of the piles supporting the houses, while useful in checking the inroads of the ants, are not an infallible protection, because the ants will often build a tunnel of clay over the caps, and so travel over them.

There is no limit to the ingenuity of these hungry insects. In New Guinea they enlist the services of a small borer, which they paralyse and then carry along with them to the houses they wish to attack. They then revive the borer, which actually pierces the iron, so that the ants can crawl through the hole.

THE QUEST

A Teetotal Ship

Many readers have written to us concerning our statement that there is no alcohol for drinking on the Quest, calling our attention to the statement of a grown-up paper that Shackleton and his men are to have one drink a week.

We can only say that our information came from Sir Ernest Shackleton himself a few days before he left.

BIG HAWK

Big Hawk, the American Scout-master who has been spending some weeks in Compiègne Forest with French Scouts, is not to visit England. We understand that, contrary to all our information hitherto, Big Hawk is not a real Red Indian, but is only dressed for the part.

KEEP TO THE LEFT

SHALL WE HAVE A NEW
RULE FOR WALKERS?

Why We Cannot Change the
Rule of the Road

BRITAIN DIFFERENT FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD

The Safety First Council has strongly recommended to the Ministry of Transport that the present rule of the pavement, which is Keep to the Right, should be altered and made to correspond with the rule of the roadway, Keep to the Left.

The reason for this is that the pedestrian on the outside of the pavement now walks in the same direction as the traffic next to him in the roadway, and an enormous number of accidents occur every year through careless people stepping off the curb into the roadway in crowded thoroughfares without first looking round to see if the road is clear.

The result is that vehicles overtake these people and knock them down before the drivers can pull up.

When the rule is changed, and passengers on the pavement keep to the left, a person on the outside of the path will meet the oncoming traffic on his own side of the road, and so will see the danger approaching without having to turn his head round.

Costly Changes

The question has been asked, however, in many quarters, why, instead of changing the rule of the pavement we should not change the rule of the road and make vehicles keep to the right instead of to the left. This, it is pointed out, would bring us into line with the rest of the world, for on the continent of Europe and in America the rule for vehicles is Keep to the Right.

Such a change in Britain, however, is impossible. While the change of the rule of the pavement will involve very little trouble and practically no expense the change of the rule of the road would mean a cost of millions of pounds and endless trouble.

All the street traffic signs would have to be altered, the drivers' seats on all vehicles would have to be changed, new lighting regulations would be necessary, and additional brackets for lamps placed on cars and carts. Tramway junctions would need altering; and if the rule were extended to railways, as some suggest, not only the points, but the whole signalling system of the country would have to be re-arranged.

That is why it is necessary for Britain to continue to be different from the rest of the world, and to go on observing the rule Keep to the Left.

MOTHER'S DAY

How it is Kept in Harrow

A Harrow reader, commenting gratefully on Sir Robert Baden-Powell's article in the C.N. on Mother's Day, says that it is being revived in the Salvation Army.

Each year one spring Sunday is set apart for this, and when the children arrive at Sunday-school they are presented with a flower to take home to mother. Each child, too, takes home a card on which some verse about mother is printed, and on which an invitation is given to mothers to attend a special evening service.

So at least once a year the children are reminded what "pearls of great price" mothers are.

FROM MESOPOTAMIA

Can anything good come from Mesopotamia? One good thing reaches us, at any rate.

A reader at Preston sends on this note in a letter from his brother, who is a soldier in Mesopotamia:

"Please keep sending out the Children's Newspaper. There is always a rush for it when the mail arrives."

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

BRAVE LEADER OF A
LOST CAUSE

Poor Boy Who Won a Throne
A TRIUMPH IN STONE

- Oct. 9. Cervantes born at Alcala, in Spain . 1547
- 10. Hugh Miller born at Cromarty, Scotland : 1802
- 11. Zwingli killed, Battle of Cappel, Switzerland 1531
- 12. General Lee died at Lexington, U.S.A. . 1870
- 13. Murat, King of Naples, shot at Pizzo . 1815
- 14. Curran, Irish orator, died at Brompton . 1817
- 15. Cologne Cathedral completed 1880

General Lee

GENERAL ROBERT LEE, the Commander-in-Chief of the Confederates, or army of the Southern States, in the American War of Secession, when Lincoln was the President, was a striking illustration of a brilliant soldier fighting for a bad cause, yet able, by his fine character, to impress his opponents as deeply as his comrades.

Lee was a Virginian, born of a notable American family. As a youth he entered the American army, and in active service against the Mexicans and Indians rose to the rank of colonel. When the civil war broke out he was recalled from his command in Texas to lead the Government's armies, but after his own State, Virginia, seceded, he resigned and became leader of the rebel forces. He thought his first duty was to his native State.

With inferior numbers, equipment, and resources, Lee fought a four years' losing war till he was compelled to surrender with fewer than 30,000 men. His skill as a soldier ranks high, but not higher than his reputation as a fair and honourable man. When Lee died he was president of a college, now a university, at Lexington.

King Murat

JOACHIM MURAT, son of a French inn-keeper, private soldier, daring general, with the most brilliant reputation in history as a cavalry leader, brother by marriage to Napoleon, marshal, prince, and king, but in the end summarily shot by order of a court-martial, was a tragical proof of how little common sense may enter into the making of a notable soldier.

Murat attached himself early to Napoleon, and rose with his rise. His daring charges brought victory to Napoleon in many of his fiercest battles. As soon, however, as Murat was the husband of the Emperor's youngest sister, Caroline, and king of Naples, he began to act for himself and display his folly, for he was no match for the experienced politicians of Europe.

When fortune deserted Napoleon Murat deserted him, thinking he could, by personal popularity, retain his throne in Naples; but he miscalculated, was driven from his kingdom, and on returning with a few followers was seized, tried at once by court-martial, and shot next morning. He died like the brave man he was. As a dashing soldier he was brilliant and fearless, but he had no conception of how to be either a diplomatist or a king.

Cologne Cathedral

COLOGNE Cathedral, the finest Gothic cathedral in Germany, finished in 1880, was begun in 1248, so that the building of it covered 632 years.

The delay came partly from the scale on which it was planned. Outside it is 570 feet long, and its spires are 515 feet high. The cost from first to last was £2,000,000, and the building is a triumph in stone.

It stands on the site of a cathedral built in the seventh century in the reign of Charlemagne. The special pride of the cathedral centres in the legendary bones of the "three kings of Cologne"—Kaspar, Melchior, and Balthasar—said to be the three wise men from the East who brought presents to the infant Jesus.

The reliquary containing the bones was transferred from Milan Cathedral before the present cathedral was begun.

October 8, 1921

AUSTRALIA'S MYSTERY DOG

FRIEND THAT TURNED TRAITOR

Great Wall to Keep Him Out ANIMALS THAT HUNT IN BANDS

Our readers have heard from time to time of the war in Australia between the sheep-owners and the wild dogs of the land.

It has been in progress as an organised strife for the last 20 years, and is now entering upon an intensified phase. Just as the sheep-owners had to erect great fences, miles and miles in length, to bar out the rabbits from the crops, so they are now erecting fences to bar out the wild dogs from the sheep and poultry. It is something like the Great Wall of China, built to keep out the Tartars.

The fencing was begun some years ago, but owing to the war it fell into decay. It is now being repaired, and every owner of land is compelled by law to kill the dogs which appear in his area. We have a similar law ordering house-holders in England to destroy rats and mice, but in Australia when they pass a law of this kind for the good of the community they insist absolutely on its being carried out to the letter.

Problem of Science

This ultimatum to the dingo, Australia's wild dog, is being strenuously enforced, and naturalists of the world look on with sympathetic interest. For the dingo is one of the world's mysteries. There seems no doubt that his remote ancestors lived in Eastern Asia, and his kind are to be found in Java and elsewhere today.

Some scientists believe he was taken to the island continent countless ages ago by a type of man more primitive than any now existing. Fossil remains of those old dingoes and those old men have been found in Australian cave deposits belonging to an era in the earth's history thousands and thousands of years older than man himself was formerly believed to be.

Dog Becomes a Pest

On the other hand, there are scientists who regard the fact that the dingo is untameable as a proof that the dingo was not a domestic dog introduced by man from Asia.

In any case, the dingo lived on, a dog of fox-like habits. Tens of thousands of years passed, then white men came; and the white men brought sheep and poultry, so that the dingo found a new food. He took to attacking sheep, as the kea parrot has done. He has become a pest. With plenty of food from the sheep pastures and poultry runs, his numbers have enormously increased.

He is practically untameable, for though he may stay with a human family for a time, the season comes when he vanishes like a migrating bird. He hides by day and creeps out at night, and he slays in a single foray as many sheep or birds as he can reach—far more than he can eat.

Hunting in Packs

The dingoes organise themselves into small communities, and like the wild dogs of Egypt, or the wild human tribes of savage lands, each little dog community has its own territory, into which no other dingo family may penetrate. The young are born in the heart of hollow trees or in caves, and all their lives their habits resemble those of foxes, to which they are in no way related.

They will certainly have to go, or sheep-farming and poultry-raising in their territories must end. The dog is one of the most valuable of man's allies, but as a foe he is as subtle, savage, and destructive as fox and wolf combined.

Making the World Smaller

HOW THE LANDS ARE LINKED TOGETHER

Strange and Varied Ways in Which the Different Nations are Solving the Transport Problem

BRINGING THE WORLD'S WEALTH TO THE WORLD'S PEOPLE

All the countries of the world are busily engaged at the present time in attempting to solve the great transport problem.

It is realised everywhere that if food and other necessary articles are to be cheaper and more plentiful, if business between nations is to revive, and if the wealth of the world is to be made available for all, it is absolutely necessary that means of communication shall be improved and extended.

The need for cheap and rapid transport is apparent on every hand. The other day a large quantity of freshly-gathered apples reached the London market from different fruit-growing centres, but instead of making money by their sale, as might have been expected, the growers were actually out of pocket.

Selling at a Loss

The cost of transporting the apples from the orchards to the market was greater than the price the fruit realised, and so, instead of earning a profit, the growers not only obtained nothing for their labour, but actually had to put their hands in their pockets and pay out money for freight charges.

In the same week hundreds of tons of splendid fish freshly caught at a seaside resort had to be thrown on the land as manure, as the high cost of carriage made it impossible to send the fish to any of the towns where they were wanted as food and to sell them without losing a good deal of money.

There was food being wasted in one part of Europe while in another, Russia, millions of people were slowly dying of starvation; and the same thing is going on more or less all the time. There is more than enough food in the world for everybody, but everybody cannot reach the food he needs.

The one solution for such a problem is to increase and improve the means of transport everywhere, and this is what the nations are now engaged in doing.

The war showed the immense possibilities of motor transport on the roads, and everywhere this is being utilised, so that even in desert areas like the Sahara motor vehicles, in many cases fitted with caterpillars to prevent them sinking in the loose sand, are taking the place of the old camel caravans.

Our Friend the Camel

The camel did fine service in the old days when people were few, but the more rapid and efficient methods of the motor are needed today when once scantily populated districts are now filled with teeming millions.

Camels still cross the Sahara in long and lonely files, but the French have just organised an experimental motor caravan which will speed from Tonareg to Timbuctoo, a distance of nearly 2000 miles, in a few days.

Even where animals have still to be used new and finer routes are being rapidly constructed, and this is the case all over China, and in Palestine, Syria, Mesopotamia, and Arabia, and in many countries of South America. In fact, the present might almost be called the great age of road-making. Even in England, so well supplied with highways, many new roads are being planned.

Then there is the development of commercial aviation, and this is rapidly extending to all lands, so that even South American countries are organising aerial transport to serve areas without railways and difficult of access to pack animals and wheeled vehicles.

Aerodromes and aerial lighthouses are springing up in many parts, and indicate that this new and rapid form of transport has come to stay. Even China

is greatly extending its commercial aviation services.

New railways are, of course, being built everywhere. Algeria and Morocco are now linked by rail, and it is proposed to do the same for Egypt and Palestine by making a railway tunnel under the Suez Canal. China and Japan are building thousands of miles of new railroads, and Pekin is to have a fine new central railway station, costing £600,000 to build. A new Simplon tunnel through the Alps is already pierced and nearing completion, while three new tunnels are to be cut through the Pyrenees.

America is ever extending its mileage of railroads, but there, in addition to the ordinary difficulties, snow has to be guarded against. In many parts hundreds of miles of wooden snow-sheds have to be built across the track to prevent avalanches and snowdrifts burying the line and rendering it impassable. Then in the hot summer there is great risk of these sheds being set on fire by sparks from the engines.

On one forty-mile section of the South Pacific Railroad there are thirty miles of snow-sheds, and these are built on the telescopic principle, so that in summer they can be run into one another—closed up, as it were—and thus cover less area and reduce the risk of fire.

Linking Up the Lakes

Canals are being enlarged, improved, and projected everywhere to link up rivers and lakes and seas. A second Panama Canal, larger than the first, is to be cut, and will form a new link between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans; and the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence River are to be joined by ship canals, making inland cities, like Chicago, sea-ports open to Atlantic liners. A ship canal joining the Main and Danube will enable large ocean-going steamers to travel right across Europe from the North Sea to the Black Sea.

Great train ferries will enable railway trains to be carried bodily across the seas from one country to another, and one of these services is being planned between Sweden and England. New routes by sea and land are being projected everywhere.

Great bridges to carry roads and railways are being built and planned in many countries. New York is to have a new bridge across the Hudson River, costing £40,000,000. It will carry fourteen sets of rails for trains and two roadways; while a new bridge across Sydney Harbour, in Australia, is to be built at a cost of £5,000,000.

Making Life Comfortable

While all these new methods of bringing the wealth of the world to the people, or the people to the wealth, are being projected and put into effect, the older methods of transport by sled and canoe and pack animal are also being extended and improved in those parts where more modern transport is impracticable. Even the Red Indian of North America is fitting the motor to his bark canoe so as to travel more quickly as he brings the skins of fur animals that he has trapped to the traders who will distribute them to the markets of the world.

It is by improved transport that the different parts of the world are brought closer together, and every year as traffic facilities are increased the world becomes smaller and smaller. Columbus took over two months to cross the Atlantic, but we can now do the journey in a steamship in a week, while an aeroplane has crossed in sixteen hours. It is by annihilating distance that commodities can become available and life more comfortable. See Picture Supplement

CHIEF SCOUT'S TALE OF A LOG FIRE

DOG THAT WOULD NOT FOLLOW A MAN

The Boy Who Opened His Eyes and Wondered Why

KNOW THE THINGS ABOUT YOU

By Sir Robert Baden-Powell

Seventeen years ago, in September 1904, Henry Howard had a vivid dream.

During the night he saw his brother, as clearly as though he were actually present with him, shot down in Canada by another man, who then proceeded to destroy all traces of the crime in a log fire. In due course the news arrived from Canada that on that actual day Henry Howard's brother had been murdered and the traces destroyed in a fire.

The way in which this crime was discovered is an interesting tale for Scouts, especially as the first sign was brought to notice by a young boy.

A white man named King rode into a Red Indian camp and rested for a day before continuing his journey. He had a dog with him, but the dog would neither follow him nor obey him, and this was noticed by a young Red Indian, who reported it to some of the older men. Presently a neighbouring Indian came in, and, hearing of the white man's presence, said that there ought to be two white men, as a few days previously he had heard of two strangers travelling the trail together.

Tell-Tale Fire

This made the Indians thoroughly suspicious of their guest, and they told their story to their friends, the North-West Mounted Police.

So the police came to enquire into the matter. They went to the white man's camp, and, turning over the ashes of the fire, came upon bones. They found other human remains in a hole, and in a neighbouring swamp they found a camp kettle, a pair of boots, and other things, including half a needle, which fitted on to another half found in the ashes.

By degrees, with the help of the Indian trackers, they found that two men had come to the camp, and that one had evidently been killed and burned. They arrested the man King, and he was tried, found guilty, and punished.

Walks of Discovery

Now, this was all brought about by the cleverness of an observing boy.

It is wonderful how much you can learn if you keep your eyes open as you walk about. By noticing details a Scout can often be of the utmost use in restoring lost children or animals or property.

Not only that, but we can make our walks, whether in town or country, into expeditions full of interest and discovery.

Generations of people live and die, customs change, fashions die out and are forgotten, animals become extinct, new discoveries replace old methods; and so the world rolls on. It is good and interesting to find out the life-history of the people who lived in our land thousands of years ago, and much of it is to be found in the ground we walk upon.

Work of the Stone Age Men

Every day, in many parts of England, the plough turns over pieces of flint which were handled and worked and made into tools and weapons by our forefathers. Axe-heads, spear-heads and scrapers, boring, grinding, and piercing tools—all these they made out of the hard flint in the days known as the Stone Age. Later came the bronze and iron discoveries—when flint implements were looked upon as clumsy and old-fashioned.

But the flint has so withstood weather and waves and the rolling of time that even today we can find the most perfect examples of the flint worker's art.

Let us use our eyes and keep our minds wide open. Let us quit ourselves like Scouts, and know the world around us.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 8 1921

The Three Villages

Here is the parable of a wise American Professor. It is retold and shortened, but the wisdom is his.

ONCE upon a time there were three villages, the people of which heard at the same time of great treasures to be won in a wonderful land across the ocean.

The first village was called Each-for-Himself, and in it there were many who made up their minds to sail for the treasure. A fisherman loaded up his smack with provisions, hoisted his sail, and started away. Another man had a motor-launch, and off he went. Some crept out in the night, got on to a raft, and left in the moonlight. But none of them reached the Golden Land.

One by one they all returned, and all declared that the stories about the treasure were false.

The second village was Can't-Hold-Out. The inhabitants were more intelligent than the people of Each-for-Himself. They saw that they must have a good, strong steamer, with plenty of food and a large and skilful crew. So they clubbed together and paid two-thirds of the cost, but before the last third was raised they began to discuss who should be captain. Finding it impossible to agree, two smaller groups sold out their shares to a larger group, which set sail.

But very soon they quarrelled among themselves, and the stokers refused to work and let the fires out. About this time a storm arose, and, as nobody had had much experience of the sea, they were in danger; but a steamer passing by took the men off the ship, which was left adrift, and the crew reached Can't-Hold-Out in various ways. They, too, were sure there was no treasure in that wonderful land.

The third village was the village of Brotherhood. The people of this village were always ready to hang together, and loved to share with one another. They were poor, and, thinking the treasure would prove very useful, they called a meeting, and members from every family were present. Each inhabitant gave what he could afford to buy a steamship, and the village appointed an experienced captain. With his advice some men were chosen to be officers and others to be members of the crew. Each promised to do his part. So the ship set out from Brotherhood, and this ship found the treasure.

After two months it returned with great wealth, which made his village the happiest on all the coast, people coming from many places to share its prosperity.

This is the parable of the Three Villages. There is no need to offer a prize to anyone who can explain it. Thank you, Professor Ezra Albert Cook of Howard University, U.S.A.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The British Empire

THE British Empire must behave like a gentleman, says the Prime Minister, and the whole British Empire agrees with him. But we fear the British Empire will not give up its place in the sun even to a lady.

The Way of the C.N.

WE gladly find room for this little note from a London lady.

Our C.N. is bought at Hampstead. I read it on Friday and send it to Mary, who lives over the way. She has it Saturday. Uncle has it next, then the maid, and on Monday it is posted to Suffolk, where it is read by a household of six. It then goes to a cottage in the village, then to another cottage, where it is read by four boys and the mother. She lends it to a friend where there are three to read it, and it is fetched from there by a farm boy who takes round the milk, and he is the eldest of twelve.

From Cheshire comes a note by "an old child of 68" who reads the C.N. and posts it to a grandson in Vancouver. Is it not good to feel every week that the C.N. goes through our towns and villages, makes a circuit of the earth, crosses every sea, and knocks at doors far, far away where somebody loves this ancient land?

Safety Films or Danger Films?

ONCE more we see the need for a good supply of common sense among those who rule us.

The Home Office has been issuing new regulations to safeguard us all from the terrible danger of fire from celluloid, and one is that celluloid kinema films shall be kept in covers.

One of the greatest dangers existing in places of amusement in this country is the celluloid film used at the kinema, and it is utterly unnecessary, as films can be made of non-inflammable material.

What we should expect the Home Secretary to do in a great country like this is to say that every film shown in the United Kingdom shall be a safety film and not a danger film.

The Wondrous Change

THOSE who think the world does not improve need go little farther than to look from George the Fifth to George the Fourth.

There is not a good citizen in the whole British Commonwealth who is not grateful to the King for his last visit to Ireland and the noble speech he made; but witness this account of the visit of the last King George to Ireland a hundred years ago. It was just after the funeral of his wife, and this is how George the Fourth arrived, as described by one who was there:

He was very drunk when he landed on the 12th of August, his own birthday. They drank all the wine on board the steamboat, and then applied to the whisky punch till he could hardly stand.

Let those who have eyes to see look round and see the wondrous change that has come over the throne and the world since then.

Something to Keep Us Humble

SOMEBODY has been putting the size of the universe in this interesting way—that light, travelling 186,000 miles a second, takes a million years to go from one end to the other.

Somebody else has pointed out that some stars which we see as glowing specks are so gigantic as to take a hundred thousand years to make one revolution.

Let us be humble!

Tip-Cat

THE man who said truth is stranger than fiction had not read some of the fiction published in these days.

AN expert reports that our oceans are shrinking. Pity we can't bring them in out of the wet.

THERE seems to be a vast opening in dentistry, writes a grown-up paper.

Sounds like a nightmare of a hollow tooth.

LENIN is said to have bought two planes. He is evidently trying to make things smooth.

How many of our troubles might pass if we had a sensible examination for M.P.s!

THE telephone people promise to put us through to America, in six months. A little longer than it takes to get through to Brixton.

HOUSEWORK, according to Dr. Woods Hutchinson, is a relic of the Dark Ages. So is the workhouse.

"HE had two shillings in bronze and elevenpence in coppers," said a Tower Bridge policeman. And even his coppers were bronze!

Eighty Years After

ONE of our readers has been buying a stamp at Kidderminster Post Office. He paid twopence for it, and on leaving he caught sight of a statue which he found to be of Rowland Hill. Beneath it was this inscription:

To his creative mind and patient energy the world is indebted for the Penny Post, introduced 1840.

All that seems necessary now is for somebody to put up beside it a statue to the Postmaster-General, "to whose uncreative mind the nation is indebted for the abolition of the Penny Post in 1920."

Best of All

He who plants a tree does well; he who fells and saws it into planks does well; he who makes a bench of the planks does well; he who, sitting on the bench, teaches a child does better than the rest.

DEAN FARRAR

How They Were Found Out

By Our Country Girl

SHE had been telling us, the dear old thing, about her children.

"But they weren't always as good as they should have been," she said, going to a drawer and returning from it with a picture postcard. "Now, you take a look at this photograph, and I'll tell you a tale. One day years ago," she continued, "I happened to go into the town, and in one of the shop-windows I saw this card. 'Hello,' I says, 'those are my children.' And then I turned cold all over. For those children paddling were in their Sunday clothes!"

"Well, I comes home, and I have the children in before me, and I ask them straight out: 'Where have you been Sunday afternoons when you should have been in Sunday-school?' They gave a regular gasp. 'You've been paddling in the river,' I said, 'instead of going to Sunday-school as I dressed you for. You've been deceiving me and messing about in the water.' They couldn't make out how I knew, and it was months before I showed them the photograph. Ah, but they were good, sweet children! You see that one there—she's lady's-maid to Dame Nellie Melba, and the great singer is that kind to her I can't tell you. Yes; I've no complaint to make about my children. But that postcard's a regular tale, isn't it?"

R. L. S. Remembers a Friend

We believe these verses are a new discovery. They have lately appeared in the Presbyterian Messenger of South Africa, and the Editor declares that the poem was taken out to Africa by a Scotsman whose uncle was a friend of Robert Louis Stevenson and received the verses from him on the death of a mutual friend.

THOUGH he that, ever kind and true,
Kept stoutly step by step with you,
Your whole, long, lusty lifetime through,
Be gone a while before;
Yet, doubt not, soon the season shall restore

Your friend to you.

He has but turned a corner; still
He pushes on with right good will,
Through mire and marsh, by heugh and hill,
The self-same arduous way
That you and he through many a doubtful day

Attempted still.

He is not dead, this friend; not dead,
But on some road, which mortals tread,
Got some few, trifling steps ahead,
And nearer to the end;
So that you, too, once past the bend,
Shall meet again, as face to face, this friend

You fancy dead.

Push gaily on, brave heart; the while
You travel forward mile by mile
He loiters, with a backward smile,
Till you can overtake;
And strains his eyes to search his wake
Or, whistling as he sees you through the brake,

Waits on a stile.

SCENE UNDREAMED OF IN THE WAR

CATASTROPHE IN THE CRADLE OF POISON GAS

Frenchmen in Gas Masks Rescuing Stricken Germans

TOWN BLOTTED OUT IN A SECOND

Out of the region from which came the poison gas first poured by the Germans into the Allied troops comes news of a dread calamity. In the very heart of this place, the cradle of the terrible gas that changed the character of the war, French soldiers have been seen in time of peace wandering about in gas masks rescuing stricken Germans. A strange sight indeed, undreamed of in the war!

What has happened has been variously described as the greatest explosion known in history; whether it is that or not, it is terrible enough, for it entirely destroyed the Rhineland town of Oppau, near Mannheim. In one second six thousand lives were jeopardised, and so sudden and complete was the destruction that the full roll of casualties will never be accurately known. But it is known that 500 were killed and 4000 or 5000 injured.

Demon of Destruction

Oppau, the scene of this dread catastrophe, was the centre of Germany's enormous industry in artificial nitrates. Nitrates are the basic property of two conflicting ideals—of annihilation and regeneration, of explosives for killing human beings and destroying their shops and dwellings, and of fertilisers feeding exhausted soils to enable them to continue the production of food.

The demon of destruction obtained the upper hand at Oppau, and one appalling blast, which registered its hour of action by stopping every clock in the district at 7.33 in the morning, sufficed to achieve the overthrow of an ancient centre of civilisation.

In the Twinkling of an Eye

There has never been so swift, so complete an obliteration of a town as this. Even an earthquake gives rumblings of warning; and a volcano requires hours before its molten lava submerges a village; Vesuvius snowed ashes for a day and a night before Pompeii and Herculaneum disappeared. Here, however, the tragedy was begun and ended all within a second.

Oppau, Frankenthal, Ludwigshafen, Mannheim, and the little adjacent places which are but pin-points on a map to us, enjoyed the tranquillity of peace until the actual second of the explosion. Then roar—crash—echo—silence!

For twenty miles and more, in every direction, the earth was shaken so that the very ground seemed splitting beneath the feet, and human life was obliterated like a flicker of flame blown from a candle.

The Crack of Doom

Men at the works in Oppau were changing shifts; night-hands were leaving, day-hands were entering the factory; all were involved in common disaster. Trains in the station disappeared beneath mounds of debris. Workmen in factories four miles away were killed by falling walls; French soldiers on guard at the fatal factory died where they stood.

Just the work of a moment; the interval between two swings of the pendulum of a grandfather's clock, and towns and villages were ruined and life extinguished or maimed, just as insect life is extinguished or maimed when a child sets its foot on an ant-heap.

Continued in the next column

OLD LADY SURPRISES THE SCIENTISTS

A Scottish lady has just taught the famous scientists who attended the British Association meetings in Edinburgh something that they did not know.

She has proved to them that the sea anemone, a humble but beautiful creature of the deep, is a very long-lived animal, and she invited a party of scientists to her house in Edinburgh to see some sea anemones that had lived in her marine aquarium there for over sixty years.

The anemones have been kept alive for this long period by the care bestowed upon them by the lady, who, at intervals, drives down to the seashore with a number of quart bottles, hires a boatman to row her far out to sea, and there fills the

bottles with fresh sea-water. The reason for going so far from shore is to be quite free from any possible contamination from town sewage.

Having collected the water and returned to shore, the lady drives back to her home, and gives the anemones a fresh supply of their native element.

Then, once a month, she obtains a supply of the very best meat, cuts it up into minute particles, and feeds the anemones. They seem to enjoy their fare, and evidently the method of life suits them, for, although they have lived over half a century, they show no sign of old age.

The men of science who saw them were amazed to learn that anemones live to such a great age.

SCHOOLBOYS AND THEIR WIRELESS



This is the wireless aerial of the village school at Grayswood, in Sussex, made out of an old windmill. As already mentioned in the C.N., this school has its wireless apparatus by which it receives time signals from the Eiffel Tower in Paris and other messages, and these are chalked up on the blackboard as they arrive

Continued from the previous column

The German chemists are wonderful, pitiless, and it would seem, reckless men. At Oppau they created factories in which to seize nitrogen from the air; and there, for the purpose of the war, they secretly evolved the poisonous gases which they let loose on the Allied troops. With the return of peace they addressed themselves again to the manufacture of artificial fertilisers, and produced daily, at a small price, about a thousand times as much of this necessary agent as we produce rather dearly and rather badly.

But in constant new experiments they were dealing with forces of unknown strength. "Little stinks," as chemistry students at school are called, when he has an explosion in his bedroom laboratory does in his home what these German chemists have done at Oppau. Like Frankenstein, they created a monster they could not control.

At the end of it all there is a note of human sympathy and brotherhood of extreme significance. French and British airmen risked their lives, night after night during the war, in the attempt to bomb this very area into ruin. Now the ruin has come in time of peace, and the first to help the sufferers are the French. Frenchmen and Germans, with gas masks over their faces, worked side by side in the rescue of the injured. The entire medical and surgical resources of the French Army of Occupation were mobilised for this mission of mercy.

In that hour of her hereditary enemy's agony the soul of France awoke. She is heroic and valiant in suffering or danger; she is vigorous and unyielding in the hour of vengeance; but in the time of her enemy's suffering France can play her part nobly and well in the spirit we are proud to think of as the mark of our British race.

THE BOY & THE BEAR

TOO NEAR THE CAGE

Animal Instincts that Never Disappear

SAFETY-FIRST WARNING AT THE ZOO

At a hundred and one points we are warned not to touch the animals at the London Zoo, and a thousand and one times those of us who love dumb creatures feel tempted to disregard the caution.

Thomas King, a Shepherd's Bush schoolboy, is one of the ardent but unwise naturalists, and today he is nursing a damaged arm as the penalty of his daring.

He was at the Zoo in company with other scholars, and, having seen Barbara, one of the two great Polar bears, fed by Phillips the keeper, he felt that he himself must bestow a tit-bit on the giantess. So, unobserved, he slipped over the outer iron barrier of the den, and thrust his right arm between the bars.

Barbara Obeys Her Keeper

Not because she is savage or cruel, but because she is a bear to whom a plump boy is a meal, as a ripe apple is to a boy, Barbara seized the outstretched arm with her paws and teeth.

Although men leapt the barrier and beat her about the head with sticks, she would not release her hold until Phillips, warned by the cries of on-lookers, returned and shouted a word of command. Barbara knows that she must obey Phillips, for he is the provider of her meals. She obeyed him now and released her little victim. Poor Tommy was taken away to a hospital, a sadder and wiser boy.

Mischief Among the Monkeys

It is not the first time such a thing has happened at the Zoo. Men who should have known better have challenged fate in the form of wild animals behind the bars, and been mauled for their pains.

How many fingers have been nipped by the monkeys and the birds of prey, by the llamas and camels, and by members of the cat tribe, which confiding visitors have sought to stroke? How many pairs of spectacles, handkerchiefs, trimmings of hats and bonnets, and other detachable properties have been snatched through the wires of the monkey-house? A spirit of mischief, much like that which young human nature reveals, is responsible for these tricks of the monkeys, but many motives may underlie a blow from a paw or a nip from the teeth of a flesh-eater.

Every Animal's Home its Castle

It may be sport; it may be undisguised ill-temper; it may be a jealous hatred of intrusion. All animals come to enjoy a sense of ownership with regard to their homes. The friendliest dog may bite a stranger who ventures near its kennel; a tomtit will fiercely assail the hand of a man thrust into its nest; a gentle English lizard will open its mouth and grimace horribly at a human being who ventures near its favourite bit of wall; the wild cat of the Highlands will fly like a tiger at anyone who seeks to disturb its nursery.

Live animals, except those which are domesticated, are, like edged tools, dangerous to handle, not because they are necessarily savage but because they are animals, with animal instincts and impulses.

"Safety first" applies to the observance of warnings at the Zoo. We must leave the Zoo population to their keepers, merely admiring them from a safe distance.

REWARDS FOR NATURE LOVERS

New Game for Clever Readers

ANIMAL, VEGETABLE, OR MINERAL?

On this page are pictures of thirty objects, some of them quite familiar, and the Editor offers £200 in rewards to those readers who can say most correctly to which kingdom—animal, vegetable, or mineral—the various objects belong.

Take a sheet of paper; write down the numbers 1 to 30, and then against each number write the word animal or vegetable or mineral, according to what you think is correct for the object with that number.

When you have made your list of thirty as complete as possible, fill in the coupon below, pin it to your list, and post to Nature Contest, C.N. Office, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4, to arrive not later than October 19.

To the reader who sends in the most accurate list the Editor will give a reward of £100; and in addition there will be a second prize of £25, three prizes of £10 each, fifteen of £1, thirty of 10s., and sixty of 5s. for the readers who are next in order of merit.

You can begin at once to earn that £100. Your friends may help you and you can get assistance from books, but remember you do not have to name the objects. Merely write against each whether it belongs to the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdom. One word only is needed in each case. Thus: 1. Animal.

If no one succeeds in giving the correct description in all thirty cases the £100 will go to the reader who comes nearest, and in the event of a tie the Editor reserves the right to divide any or all of the prizes.

No lists can be returned, no correspondence entered into, and the Editor's decision is final.

The result of the examination will be published in the Children's Newspaper as soon as possible, and we shall not only give the description, but shall say what each object is for the satisfaction of our readers. Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete. Pictures on this page

I enter this Examination and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final

Signed.....

Address.....

BIRD'S BAG OF AIR

Nightingale as a Bagpiper

Bagpipes depend on a big bag of air which the piper blows up. By pressing the bag with his arm he is able to send a steady stream of air through the pipes even when he is not blowing.

That is the principle of the bagpipes, and there is no doubt at all that the song of many birds is produced on the same principle; for all birds have air-bags prolonged from their lungs, which they can inflate and empty by muscular pressure. Some of these bags even extend into the hollow bones of their wings, and are therefore probably compressed when the wings are moved.

There can be little doubt that the long current of continuous song produced by the nightingale is rendered possible by such bags, and therefore we may not incorrectly speak of the nightingale as a bagpiper.

£200 FOR C.N. READERS

An Interesting New Game for Nature Lovers

A first prize of £100 and over 100 other rewards are offered by the Editor to readers who say most correctly whether the thirty objects shown below belong to the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdom. Full particulars of this novel and interesting Nature test are given in the next column



You do not have to name these objects. All you have to do is to say in each case whether the object is animal, vegetable, or mineral. £200 is offered to readers who do this most correctly. Read the rules in the next column

COUNTRY BOUGHT FOR A PENNY AN ACRE

£200,000,000 MADE FROM IT

How America Bought Alaska and What She Has Done With It

The recent census in the United States has revealed a strange fact. The white population of Alaska, so far from increasing by leaps and bounds, as might have been expected, has declined.

In 1910 there were 36,400 whites in this territory, and now there are only 27,883, a decline of nearly 9000, or about one quarter, in ten years. Such a thing in such a country is unheard of, and economists and others in the United States are greatly concerned.

We watch with interest the census in our own colonies, and expect the populations of Canada and Australia and New Zealand to grow. If we found they went back we should feel that something was seriously wrong, and that is how the American leaders of thought feel about Alaska just now.

This country, which juts out in the North Pacific and almost touches Asia, is a huge territory of nearly 600,000 square miles—five times the size of the United Kingdom.

A Fine Investment

It formerly belonged to Russia, but in 1867 the United States bought it for £1,440,000. It seemed a bad speculation, for Alaska at that time was a poor country and produced a small revenue.

But no sooner did the enterprising Americans get control than they began to discover its resources. They found minerals, including gold, and developed the fishing and fur industries, and up to the present have drawn something like £200,000,000 worth of wealth from their purchase—surely a splendid investment! They obtained the country for less than a penny an acre and in half a century have made each acre produce over £2.

The exports from Alaska now amount to about £15,000,000 a year.

To such a rich country, with only 28,000 natives and Asiatics, it might have been supposed that whites would emigrate in ever-increasing numbers; but this has not been the case, and America is concerned to know why. Most writers on the subject attribute it to the restrictions and restraints of a too-fatherly care by the Washington Government.

Wealth Waiting to be Taken

However that may be, the fact remains that Alaska's white population is declining. Yet here is a country that badly needs inhabitants and provides a fine field for the exercise of industry and enterprise to extract its vast wealth.

Although about half its area lies within the Arctic circle and it has mighty mountains, including Mount McKinley, 20,300 feet high, the tallest mountain in United States territory, the Alaskan climate is as healthy and genial as that of Norway and Sweden. It is far richer than Scandinavia in natural resources, and yet, while Norway and Sweden have a population of eight millions, which is growing rapidly, Alaska has fewer than 28,000 whites and about the same number of natives.

Little Known Country

There are 64 million acres on which cattle, sheep, goats, reindeer, and horses can graze, and an equal area suitable for cultivation; 27,000,000 acres are covered by cedars, firs, and other timber trees; there is plenty of water power, and already about 500 miles of railway have been laid. Yet people do not flock to Alaska. Why is it?

Probably the chief reason is that the United States themselves are not fully developed, and there is plenty of room there for an increased population under less strenuous conditions than Alaska provides. Americans have no need to emigrate, and people from Europe know very little or nothing about Alaska.

AUTUMN VISITORS

Wild Geese, Ducks, and Swans Arrive

PROCESSION OF BIRDS FROM THE FROZEN NORTH

By Our Country Correspondent

Many birds that come to spend the winter are now arriving on the East Coast.

Bird life everywhere is on the move, and now that so many feathered friends have left us for the Sunny South, others from the Frozen North are arriving to spend the winter in Britain.

Among the most prominent of these are the geese. There are several species, including the bean, pink-footed, brent, and barnacle goose, and the grey-lag, which many think is the origin of our domestic goose.

The brent goose is the most numerous. It stays out at sea at night, and each morning returns to land and feeds on marine plants on the muddy flats.

The other geese resort to inland marshes and meadows. All these birds are beginning to arrive just now.

Several species of swans, too, visit our islands in autumn and stay through the winter, among them being the hooper, Bewick's swan, and the white swan. The last-named is the half-domesticated swan of our rivers and lakes, but a few wild specimens always fly to us from Iceland, Lapland, and Siberia.

A number of different ducks are also among our autumn visitors. The scaup duck, which is arriving in considerable numbers just now, obtained its name from the fact that it feeds on scaup, the Northern word for a bed of shellfish.

Considerable numbers of teal arrive from the North at this season, but a few are here all the year round. The pintail, on the other hand, comes to us from the North in small parties in winter, but is never seen in summer.

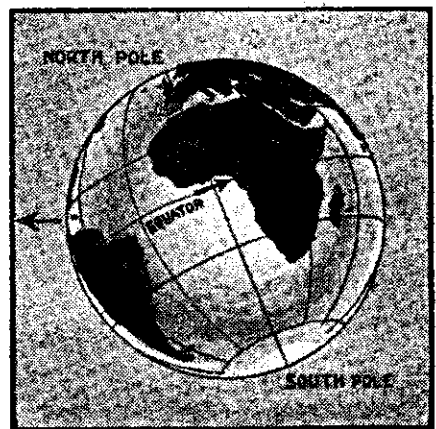
The common scoter, known in the eastern counties as the black duck, is the only duck of that colour, and is therefore easily recognised on its arrival. A few long-tailed ducks also come to Britain in the autumn, and many golden-eyes from Lapland.

The great northern diver is another well-known visitor to our coasts at this season, and the little auk is often seen.

Other birds from the North that spend the autumn and winter here are the purple sandpiper, the turnstone, the brambling, and the snipes referred to last week. All these are well worth watching out for.

See Picture Supplement

THE EARTH SEEN FROM THE SUN



The earth at noon on any day in October as it would be seen through a telescope from the sun. The lines of latitude and longitude are put in to show the tilt. The arrows show the way the earth is travelling and rotating.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Continue to earth up celery, and prepare material for protecting the plants from frost. Take up and store potatoes in narrow ridges; expose the tubers to the light as little as possible.

Take up and protect from frost any plants that will not withstand winter.

The beds should also be cleared of all summer bedding plants, and, after being edged and dug, planted with dwarf shrubs, violas, wallflowers, and the like. When these have been planted bulbs may be dibbed in among them.

PRISON FOR THOSE WHO BURN COAL

STRANGE PROPOSAL TO REVIVE AN OLD LAW

Will the Age of Gas Succeed the Age of Coal?

WASTING FUEL BY BURNING IT

Shall we be sent to prison if we burn coal in the near future?

This question is being seriously discussed at the present time; and Sir John Cadman, the Technical Adviser to the Coal Mines Department, told the Institution of Mining Engineers the other day that a very few years may see it a penal offence to burn raw coal.

Scientists, he says, hold the view that to burn coal is to squander it, and that the by-products that are lost when it is burned are really more valuable than the coal itself. Only after these have been extracted should the residue be burned.

Sir John Cadman thinks that just as raw coal in the 18th century brought about a great industrial advance, so the universal use of coal in the form of gas or electricity may be the starting-point for another great industrial advance that will not only increase wealth, but promote the health of the people.

A Smokeless Britain

A smokeless Britain with an abundance of the cheapest power in the world is a splendid prize that Science is just now dangling before the nation, and it remains to be seen whether the nation has the courage to seize the prize.

An approach to making the burning of coal a penal offence has already been made by the institution of fines for causing too much smoke to pour from factory chimneys; and if later on a man can be sent to prison for burning coal it will be a strange return to the practice of our ancestors.

At the beginning of the fourteenth century, when wood was getting scarce and dear, brewers, smiths, and others who required large quantities of fuel began to use coal, but there was a great outcry, and in 1306 a proclamation prohibited the burning of coal in London.

People Frightened of Coal

The law, however, was disregarded, and when fines and the destruction of their furnaces failed to deter the offenders a law was actually passed making it a capital offence to burn coal within the precincts of the City. In the reign of Edward I a man was actually executed for burning coal.

But nothing could stop the onward march of progress, and when it was found that the people persisted in burning coal an attempt was made to prohibit its use at any rate during the sittings of Parliament and while the King remained in London, on the ground that it was very injurious to health.

So prejudiced against coal were the wealthier people who could afford wood, that they would not go into a room where coal was burning, nor would they eat food that had been cooked by a coal fire in case they were poisoned.

Strange Medicine

As coal came into more general use for domestic purposes chimneys became commoner, the old practice of letting the smoke escape in the room being abandoned. This brought forward another kind of opposition to the use of coal, for some old-fashioned people denounced it on the ground that it led to the adoption of chimneys, which would make the people effeminate.

The smoke that used to fill the rooms from the old wood fires was declared to be a fine medicine that prevented headaches and other ailments.

Coal, however, won its way owing to its enormous advantages, and it will be a strange swing of the pendulum, apparent rather than real, if once more it becomes a penal offence to burn coal, as it was in the fourteenth century.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card

What Do Cuckoos Eat?

Hairy caterpillars, which few other birds will touch, are the chief food of the extremely useful cuckoo.

Can Rabbits See at Night?

Yes, for they do most of their foraging between sunset and sunrise, when daylight enemies are least likely to be abroad.

What Should White Mice be Fed On?

Oats, bread, bread-and-milk are the staple food provided by most owners of white mice, but they will flourish on a varied diet.

Of What Use is the Wasp?

Because it stings us and attacks our fruit the wasp is a nuisance, but it is very useful to us in destroying enormous numbers of flies.

How Can a Tame Jackdaw be Cured of a Cold?

All bird fanciers sell remedies for ailments of this sort. The bird should be kept free from draughts and chills, though not denied fresh air.

What Happens to Dead Fish?

If not removed by a swifter agency bacteria cause the gradual decay and dissolution of the flesh. Time's agents break down all forms of organic debris.

How Many Eggs does a Moorhen Lay in a Year?

The eggs per nest vary between six and nine. In a good season the mother might have three full nests of eggs, which would give a maximum of 27.

Is it Natural for a Hen to Brood?

Yes; if birds of all species had not the brooding instinct bird life would rapidly become extinct, for incubators are artificial inventions confined to places where birds are under man's control.

Where Do Gold-crests Live in Winter?

Golden-crested wrens are resident with us throughout the year, but in winter they keep mainly to thick evergreens and close hedgerows, and owing to their tiny size are not readily discovered.

Can Any Place be Permanently Freed From Weeds?

No; not if wind or birds have access to the soil. Nature has a thousand ways of furthering the growth of weeds. They are the natural denizens of the soil; our flowers and vegetables are intruders.

How Can Sparrows be Kept Out of Martins' Nests?

Apparently the only way is to knock down the old nests after the martins leave, so that sparrows shall not take possession, and trust to the martins to defend the new ones they will build the following year.

Why do Horses Lay Their Ears Back When They are Angry?

It is an instinctive action, like that of a dog in showing its teeth, an angry cat in lashing its tail. It may have begun as part of a terrifying attitude, or the original purpose may have been to protect the ears from the bite of a rival animal.

Do All Tadpoles Change into Frogs?

If there is not enough food in the pond the tadpoles may be unable to complete in one summer the great changes by which they become frogs. They must then hibernate right through the winter, and continue their growth in the following year.

Will Civilisation Cause the Extinction of all Wild Animals?

This is a serious problem upon which it is impossible to prophesy. It is reasonable, however, to hope that the conscience of mankind will prevent such an outrage. Great sanctuaries will have to be provided to secure the remnants of species whose homes are invaded by man.

Can Mushrooms Be Grown in Towns?

Certainly they can; and in Paris huge quantities are grown for the market in underground tunnels and cellars, as described and pictured in My Magazine—the C.N. monthly—for October, now lying on the bookstalls with this paper.

GIANT SUNS

THE SEVEN STARS OF PEGASUS

How to Find the Planet Uranus

WORLDS WITH COLOURED DAYLIGHT

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

On any fine evening at this time of the year, as soon as it is dark, there may be seen between the south-east and south four fairly bright stars, forming a very large and almost perfect square. This is known as the Great Square of Pegasus.

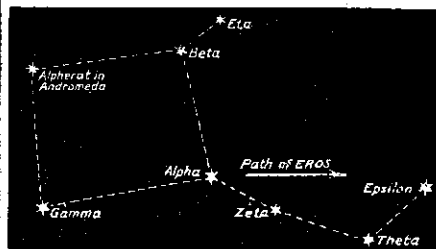
It is due south at about 10 p.m., Greenwich time, and will be easily found with the aid of the accompanying star map. It includes the chief stars of Pegasus, seven in number, and shows the position and direction in which the tiny planet Eros is travelling at the present time. This little world was described last week.

Light Travels 40 Years

The Square of Pegasus will also help observers desirous of finding Uranus, or that remote guide to it, the star Delta in Aquarius. This star cannot be missed if an imaginary line be drawn from Beta in Pegasus to Alpha, and continued straight on for rather more than double the distance, when it will come near to Delta in Aquarius—a star not quite as bright as those of the Square. Uranus may then be found according to the map given a fortnight ago.

Pegasus, like Ursa Major, has seven bright stars, and, if inverted, it will be seen that they are arranged somewhat like the Plough stars of Ursa Major.

The nearest of these seven stars, as far as is known, is Gamma, his light taking some forty years to reach us. He is, therefore, 2,600,000 times as far away as our Sun. The next in order of distance is Epsilon. This great sun, giving



The Seven Stars of Pegasus

over 50 times the light of our Sun, is 5,000,000 times farther away, his light taking 78 years to reach us.

Epsilon is composed of three suns, two being very faint and possibly far beyond the bright one, which has been calculated to be receding from us at five miles a second. Alpha in Pegasus is nearly 6,000,000 times as far as our Sun, his light taking 90 years to reach us.

It is the remarkable star Beta in Pegasus that is the giant of these seven stars; he is so far off that no perceptible parallax can be obtained, proving that his light must take over 600 years to reach us, and perhaps over a thousand.

We learn, therefore, that he is an enormous sun, giving certainly more than five thousand times the light of our Sun.

Blue and Yellow Suns

Another remarkable thing is that his light varies, and, while he is often of second magnitude, at other times he is little more than third. This fluctuation is very irregular, and seems to indicate that it is caused by internal convulsions in this giant sun, and not to dark worlds revolving round him and coming in between him and us. Every second this star is four miles farther off. Another giant in Pegasus is Eta, estimated to give at least 1500 times the light of our Sun, and to be 35,000,000 times as far away.

This colossal sun is yellowish, and has two much smaller companion suns, very close together. These are, blue, and may possibly revolve round the larger sun; so if, as is not improbable, there are worlds more or less like our own revolving round these, the varied colour effects of their daylight must be very remarkable.

G. F. M.

LOST IN THE TRAIN

The Missing Title-Deeds of Medland School

Told by T. C. Bridges, the C.N. Storyteller

What Has Happened Before

Dicky Dent and his sister Cicely are at neighbouring schools. Dick at Medland House and Cicely at Warley. Travelling to school after the holidays they meet Miss Morland, Cicely's headmistress, and their train meets with an accident. Miss Morland leaves them in charge of her hand-bag and goes to help the injured. Dicky goes off too, and while they are away the bag disappears. Dicky suspects Janion, a former butler to Miss Morland.

Miss Morland is furious at the loss, and meeting Dr. Fair, headmaster of Medland, who is her brother-in-law, informs him that the bag contained the title-deeds of the playing-fields of Medland, which she had intended presenting to him.

Dr. Fair refuses to punish Dicky, who has accepted the blame for the loss, whereupon Miss Medland declares she will stop the weekly tea-parties that are so popular with the girls of Warley and the boys of Medland.

Janion is detained, but manages to clear himself through the evidence of a porter.

Upon arriving at Medland, Dicky goes into a dark box-room and accidentally overhears a bully named Calvert threatening a fellow-scholar, Joe Last, to whom he has lent money. Calvert sees Dicky, and is about to vent his spite on him when Last interferes and throws the bully to the floor.

Last then warns Dicky to have nothing to do with Calvert.

CHAPTER 5

A Letter from Cis

"WHAT'S UP, Dicky?" Breakfast was just over on the second morning of term, and Dicky Dent was sitting by himself on a seat under the big plane trees which lined one side of the quadrangle, reading a letter, when the abrupt question made him look up quickly. The speaker was a short, compactly-built boy, with a square, determined chin, and the very reddest hair.

A look of relief crossed Dicky's troubled face.

"Oh, it's you, Tom! The very chap I wanted to see. I say, look at this! It's from Cis," he added, as he handed over the letter.

Tom Burland took it, and as he read slowly through the blotted, tear-stained sheet his face became almost as grave as Dicky's.

He finished and handed it back. "This is the very mischief, Dicky. I never thought the old lady would play up like this."

Dicky shook his head. "You don't know her, Tom. Miss Morland has a queer temper, and now she has got her back up thoroughly."

"But this is beastly unfair," retorted Tom. "To put her place out of bounds to all of us isn't the straight thing at all. If she sticks to it you won't be able to see Cis all the term, and I can't see Fay, and there are quite a dozen other chaps who'll be cut off from their sisters and never be able to get a word with them."

"And it's all our fault—Cis's and mine," said Dicky gloomily.

Tom Burland cut him short.

"Nonsense!" he said sharply. "If it comes to that it's as much mine as anybody's, for it was I who called to Cicely to come out of the carriage, and it was while she was out that the bag was stolen." He stopped and considered a moment. "Can't the Doctor do anything?" he questioned.

"He tried last night," replied Dicky. "It only seems to have made things worse."

"Then what are we going to do about it?" demanded Tom. "I'm not going to be cut off from my sister all the term. Fay and I are no end pals."

"There's only one thing to do, Tom," answered Dicky. "That is to find out who stole the bag."

"From what you've told me already it must have been that fellow Janion," said Tom.

Dicky shrugged his shoulders. "That's what I think. But you know that Sergeant Croome searched him and found nothing."

"Bah! What's the good of that? A beggar like Janion is much too clever to be caught that way. Either he hid the bag or passed it on to someone else."

Tom Burland frowned, and for some moments was silent, evidently thinking hard.

"There were papers in the bag, weren't there, Dicky?" he asked.

"Yes. The Doctor told me not to talk; but I don't think he'd mind my telling you. There were deeds in the bag—title-deeds to our playing-fields. Miss Morland told the Doctor that she had been meaning to give them to him as a birthday present."

"My word, this is a mix-up!" exclaimed Tom. "But wait a minute, Dicky. Deeds like those wouldn't be much use to Janion."

"Not a bit," replied Dicky quickly. "He couldn't sell them."

"Then what will he do?" "I expect he'll chuck them away or burn them. You see, he wouldn't dare risk being caught with them on him."

"I see that all right," agreed Tom; "but then what was the good of stealing them?"

"None at all, so far as he was concerned. It was the money he was after."

"Oh, there was money in the bag as well?"

"About twelve pounds, I believe."

Tom nodded. "Yes, the beggar would use that, and burn the bag and the papers. It looks to me as if that were the only thing he could do."

"That's just what I've been thinking, and if he has, why, we are done in, for there's no chance of Miss Morland coming round unless I can give her back her bag and papers."

"But she could get new deeds, I'm almost sure," said Tom. A very stubborn expression crossed his face. "Anyhow, I'm not going to be cut off from Fay just because Miss Morland loses her temper."

"Nor I from Cis," agreed Dicky. "You see what she says in her letter—that we can talk over the wall of their playing-field."

Tom nodded. "Yes, just where the plantation comes up close. It's not a bad notion, only she'll have to be jolly careful that she isn't spotted."

"I don't think there's much risk of that," said Dicky. "They leave the girls to themselves for an hour or so after tea. I'm going round tomorrow."

"Right! You tell me how it turns out," replied Tom. "Now I've got to go and mug up my English for next lesson."

He went off, and Dicky was not long in following.

When Dicky got into his form-room half-a-dozen boys crowded round him. Somehow the story had got about, and everyone knew that there had been a quarrel between the Doctor and Miss Morland.

Dicky, remembering his promise to the Doctor, said as little as possible. But he felt guilty and unhappy, for it seemed to him that it was he who was responsible for all the trouble. And what added to his discomfort was that Lawrence Calvert, sitting in a corner, asked no questions, but glanced sideways at him with an ugly sneer.

It was a relief when Mr. Hope, the form master, came into the room, and work began.

CHAPTER 6

£50 Reward

WHEN morning school was over Dr. Fair's boys had a free hour before dinner, and it was only during this hour that they were allowed to go into the village for shopping.

Now, Dicky needed several things—some stamps, a couple of fives balls, and a pot of jam—and, having in his pocket a pound which his father had given him as a tip before leaving home, he went straight into Maplestone.

He got his stamps and fives balls, then went on to Jupp's to get the jam. Jupp was grocer, baker, and confectioner, all in one, and Jupp did very well out of it.

Jupp himself was fat, bald, and had a shiny face and hard little round eyes, and Dicky did not like him. But as Jupp's was the only shop of its kind in Maplestone there was no choice, so, after leaving the post-office, Dicky went on towards it for his jam.

Just before he reached it a boy wearing a Medland House cap stepped out of a side turning. This was Philip Aylmer, Joe Last's half-brother. In his way Philip was almost as good-looking as Joe, but his face had none of the reckless strength of Joe's. Philip's was a pink-and-white prettiness, and though his eyes were as blue as Joe's his mouth was slack and his chin too small and pointed.

He stood waiting, and as Dicky came up spoke quickly.

"I say, Dent, lend me a shilling."

Dicky hesitated. He didn't care much for Philip, and, for another thing, he knew perfectly well that it was not lending but giving. Philip was one of the sort who are a great deal better at borrowing than repaying.

"Do, Dent," went on Philip. "I'm simply stony."

Before Dicky could answer a tall figure swung out of Sugg's shop just beyond, and was upon them. It was Joe Last.

"Are you trying to borrow money again, Philip?" he demanded, and his handsome face was white with passion, while his blue eyes fairly blazed.

Philip shrank away.

"It's no use your denying it," went on Joe, and there was such concentrated anger in his tone as was terrifying. "I heard you."

Philip said nothing, merely looked sulky and frightened.

Joe swung round on Dicky.

"Don't you ever dare lend him a penny!" he snapped.

Dicky was long suffering, but he had plenty of spirit of his own, and much as he adored Joe this was a bit too much.



A book that will entertain children of all ages from one year's end to another. Many beautiful coloured plates, 300 other pictures, and 50 stories of adventure, romance and fun, games, things-to-make, riddles, etc.

PUCK ANNUAL

Now on Sale Price, 6/-

"I don't think you need talk like that, Last," he said in a hurt tone, and turned quickly away.

Next moment Joe's hand was on his shoulder.

"I'm a pig, Dick," he said penitently. "I know I've no right to slang you. I'm worried—that's what's the matter."

"It's all right, Last," replied Dicky, smiling again. "And—and—if there's anything I can do to help, do tell me."

"Thanks, Dick. You're a good chap." His face twisted oddly. "But no one can help me," he added, in a lower tone. Then, before Dicky could think of anything to say, Joe had caught Philip roughly by the arm and was striding away.

Dicky walked slowly and thoughtfully back towards the school. He was much troubled in his mind, for now he was more certain than ever that something was seriously wrong.

On his way he passed the police-station. A big new poster attracted his attention, and he stopped to read it. It was headed:

£50 REWARD

"Lost during the accident outside Maplestone Station, on Sept. 17 last, a lady's handbag containing twelve pounds in Treasury notes and valuable documents. Whoever will return the same to Miss Morland of Warley Hall, Maplestone, or will give information leading to its return, will receive the above reward."

Dicky whistled softly.

"I hadn't thought of this. Perhaps it's what Janion was waiting for."

It was in a very depressed frame of mind that Dicky returned to the school. At dinner he found that everyone had either seen, or heard about the new poster, and that all the boys were talking about it, and wondering if Miss Morland would get her bag again. Dicky himself was so pestered with questions that after dinner he buttonholed Tom Burland, and the two went off for a long walk.

Next morning there was still no news of the missing bag, and Dicky noticed that the Doctor, when he read prayers as usual, had a depressed air. So, for that matter, had most of the boys. A curious sort of gloom seemed to hang over the whole school.

"A nice way to begin term," growled Tom in Dicky's ear, as they strolled together to breakfast.

"I'll see Cis this afternoon," said Dicky. "Perhaps she'll have news."

"Well, you be careful not to get spotted," warned Tom. "If Miss Morland gets on to it there'll be a fresh row."

"I'll be careful," promised Dicky.

After tea he slipped off and made his way through the playing-fields in the direction of Warley Hall. At the farther edge of the playing-fields was a plantation known as Helen's Wood. It was all fir and larch, trees about thirty feet high, and so thickly planted that a dusky gloom reigned always beneath them. The ground was thickly carpeted with pine needles, on which Dicky's feet made no sound.

The plantation ran right up to the brick wall bounding the grounds of Warley Hall, and presently Dick was standing under a tree close to the wall, and waiting. The afternoon, though fine, was dull, and there was no wind. The stillness in the wood was intense—almost uncanny. Dick could hear his own heart beating as he stood there.

A slight rustle made him start.

"Dicky!" came a low voice, and there was Cis's head just appearing above the wall.

"Good for you, old girl!" he said, as he stepped out. "I'm jolly glad you could come. Any news?"

Cis's pretty face had a very serious expression.

"There's very bad news, Dicky. Miss Morland is angrier than ever. She has had a letter from someone who doesn't sign his name saying he will return her bag for £500."

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

The Poor Astronomer

MEN who lecture to students on any of the sciences are usually supposed to know a good deal about their subject, but this was not always the case.

At the close of the 16th century, when a lectureship in astronomy at Gratz, in Austria, fell vacant, a youth about 21 years of age was selected for the post, and, though he protested that he had made no special study of this science, his tutors compelled him to accept.

It is strange, therefore, that he became one of the world's outstanding astronomers.

He was a German, born in the Duchy of Würtemberg the year before the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. This, together with the poverty of his parents, led to much interruption of his youthful studies, and bad health added to his difficulties.

Yet he became a famous thinker, and was the discoverer of three great astronomical laws that still go by his name.

But with much that was scientific and true he mingled false and foolish ideas, and, being greatly pressed for money to keep himself and his dependants, he used to cast horoscopes for wealthy people.

Tycho Brahe, the great Danish astronomer, was very kind to him, and introduced him to the emperor. In this way he received an official post at Prague, and when Brahe died succeeded that distinguished man as chief mathematician to the emperor. It was chiefly, however, as an astrologer that he pleased the emperor, and later he attached himself to Wallenstein, the imperial leader in the Thirty Years War, who was very superstitious.

Despite much that was foolish in his thinking, however, this man advanced human knowledge greatly, and gave men a more accurate idea of the movements and orbits of the planets than they had had before.

It was largely due to Tycho Brahe that he did not waste more time on astrology and foolish speculation, though even in his mature years he advanced the opinion that the earth is an enormous living animal with passions and affections.

Yet when observation and experiment proved his theories wrong he always abandoned the theories.

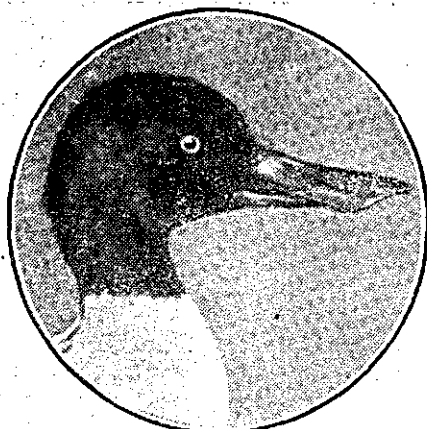
Having dedicated a book to James I, he was invited to England and assured of an income; but he never came. Once, to find means to publish a scientific work, he produced what he himself described as "a vile prophesying almanac."

At last, in his 59th year, his privations brought on a fever that caused his death, and he was buried at Ratisbon. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



Children's Newspaper Pictorial Supplement

FEATHERED TRAVELLERS NOW ARRIVING IN BRITAIN FOR THE WINTER



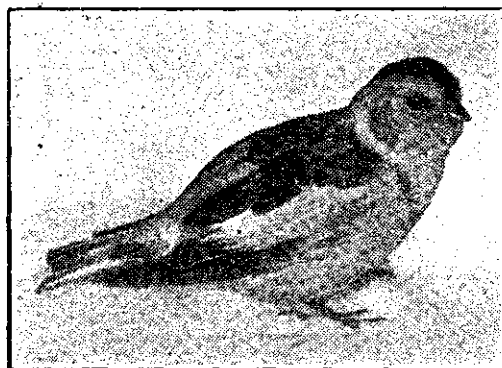
Head of the Chevalier Duck



A group of Brent Geese just arrived on the East Coast



Head of the Pintail Duck

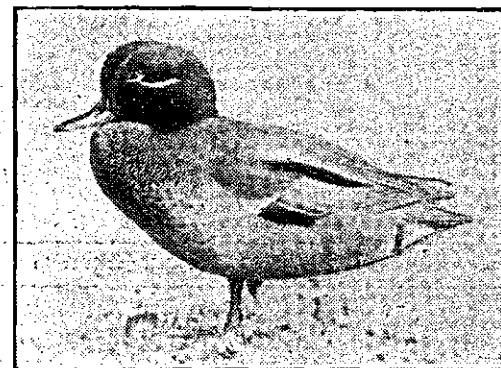


The Snow-bunting

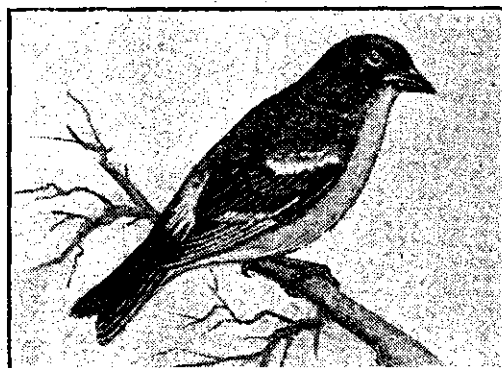


Bewick's Swan, Male and Female Mute Swans, and the Whooper Swan

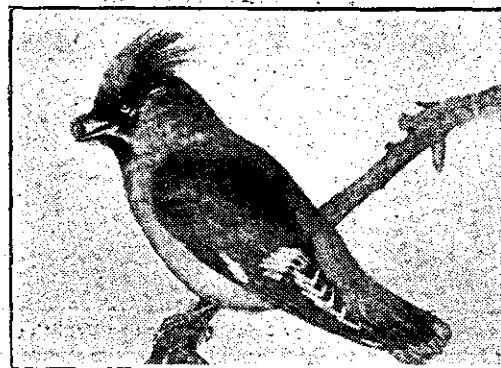
This picture and the group of geese below are from Bowdler Sharpe's Sketch Book of British Birds



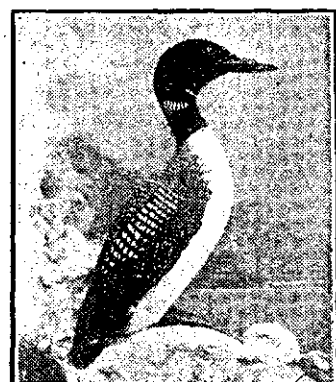
The Common Teal



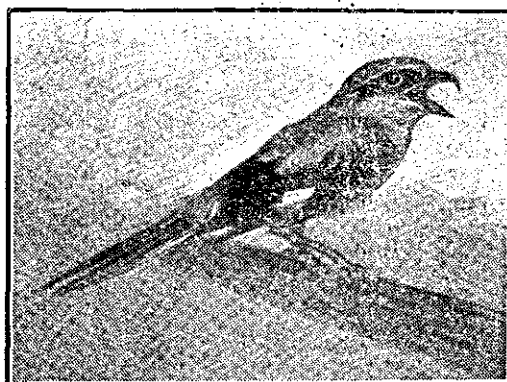
The Brambling, or Mountain Finch



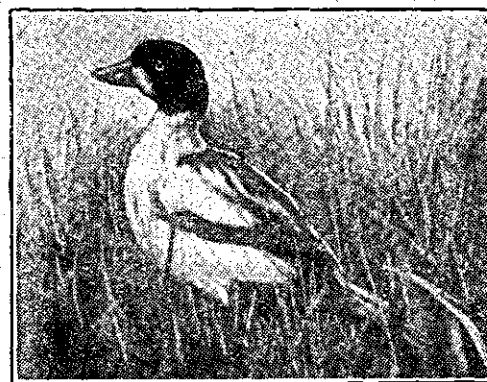
The Waxwing



The Great Northern Diver



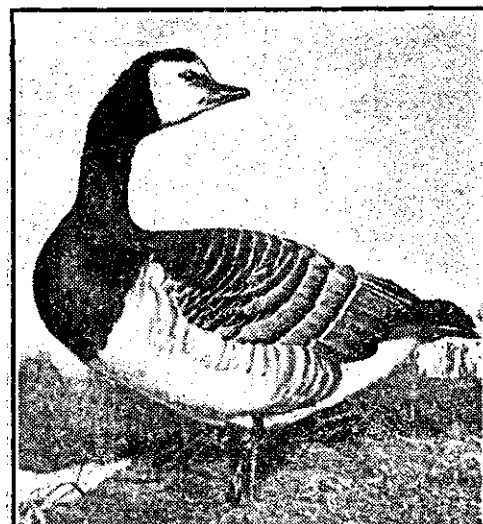
The Great Grey Shrike



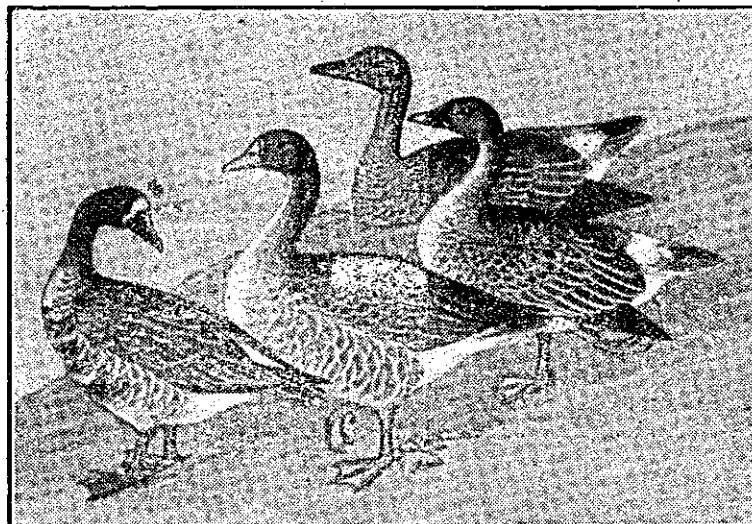
The Golden-eye Duck



Snipe boring for food



The Barnacle Goose



The White-footed Goose, Grey-lag Goose, Bean Goose, and Pink-footed Goose

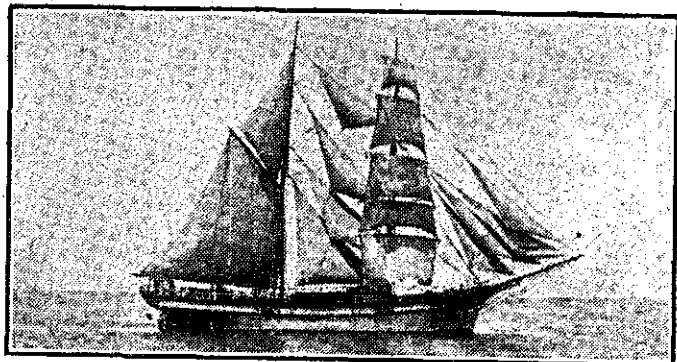


The Scaup Duck

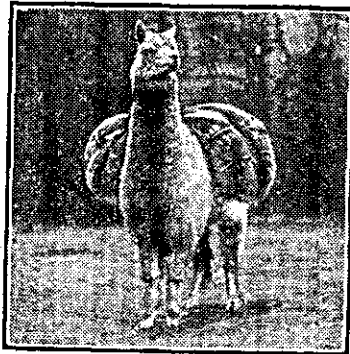
Everyone knows that the swallows and martins and cuckoos, and many other birds, leave us at this season for the Sunny South, but it is not so generally known that many other kinds of birds come to us in autumn from the Frozen North to spend the winter in Britain. Some of the more interesting of the birds are shown in the pictures on this page. See page 9

Children's Newspaper Pictorial Supplement

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF TRANSPORT—HOW THE V



A sailing ship going at full speed



A pack llama in Peru



A camel caravan crossing the desert—a method of



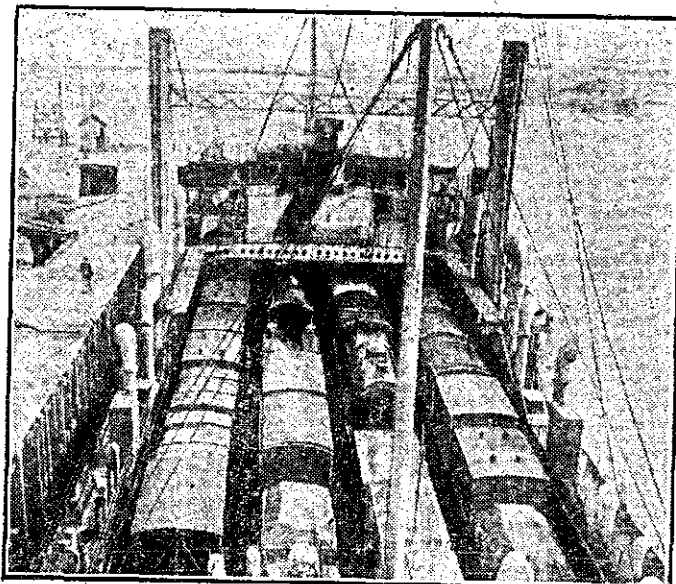
A typical British goods train



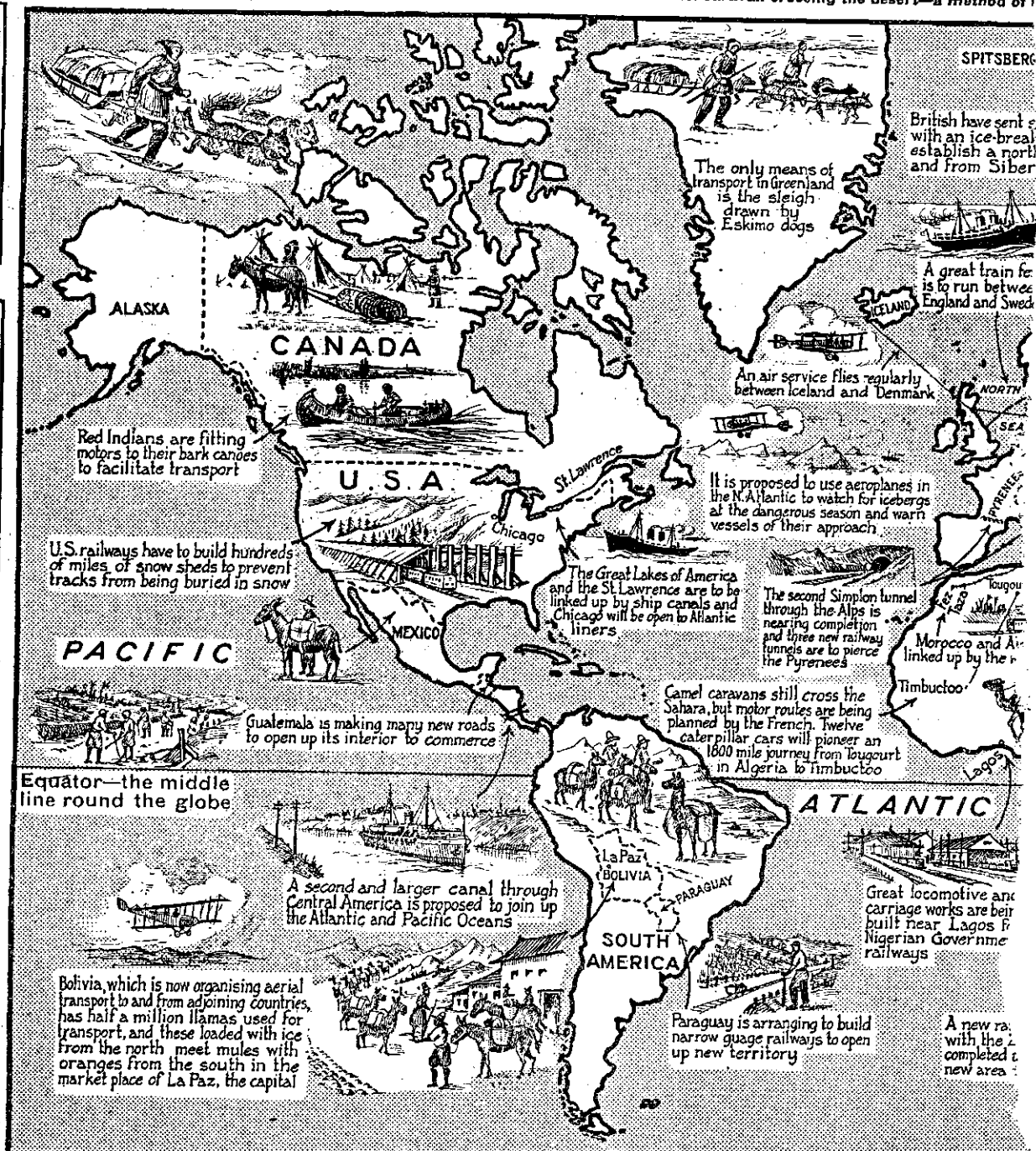
A barge being towed on an English canal



Transport by asses in the interior of Mexico



A train ferry, as projected between Sweden and England



THIS PICTURE-MAP OF THE WORLD SHOWS HOW THE GREAT PROBLEM OF INCREASING



A reindeer sleigh in the Frozen North



A team of Eskimo dogs ready to start

THESE PICTURES, WHICH FORM A STRANGE BLENDING OF THE OLD AND THE NEW, SHOW HOW THE PROBLEM OF BRINGING THE WORLD'S I

Without transport the world would have to stand still. People could not gather in cities and great industries could never be founded

if men had not developed the means of transport and organised services of communication to enable supplies to be brought from all

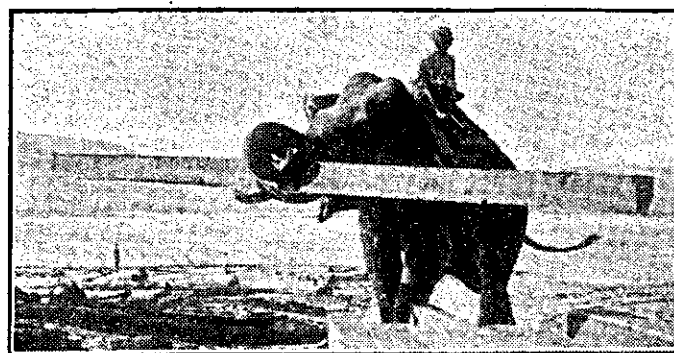
WORLD'S WEALTH IS BROUGHT TO THE WORLD'S PEOPLE



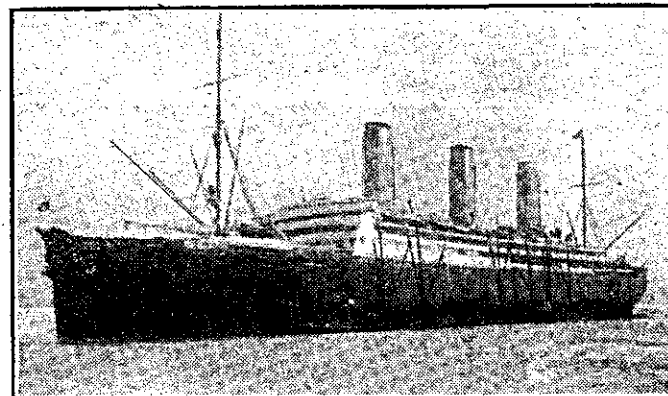
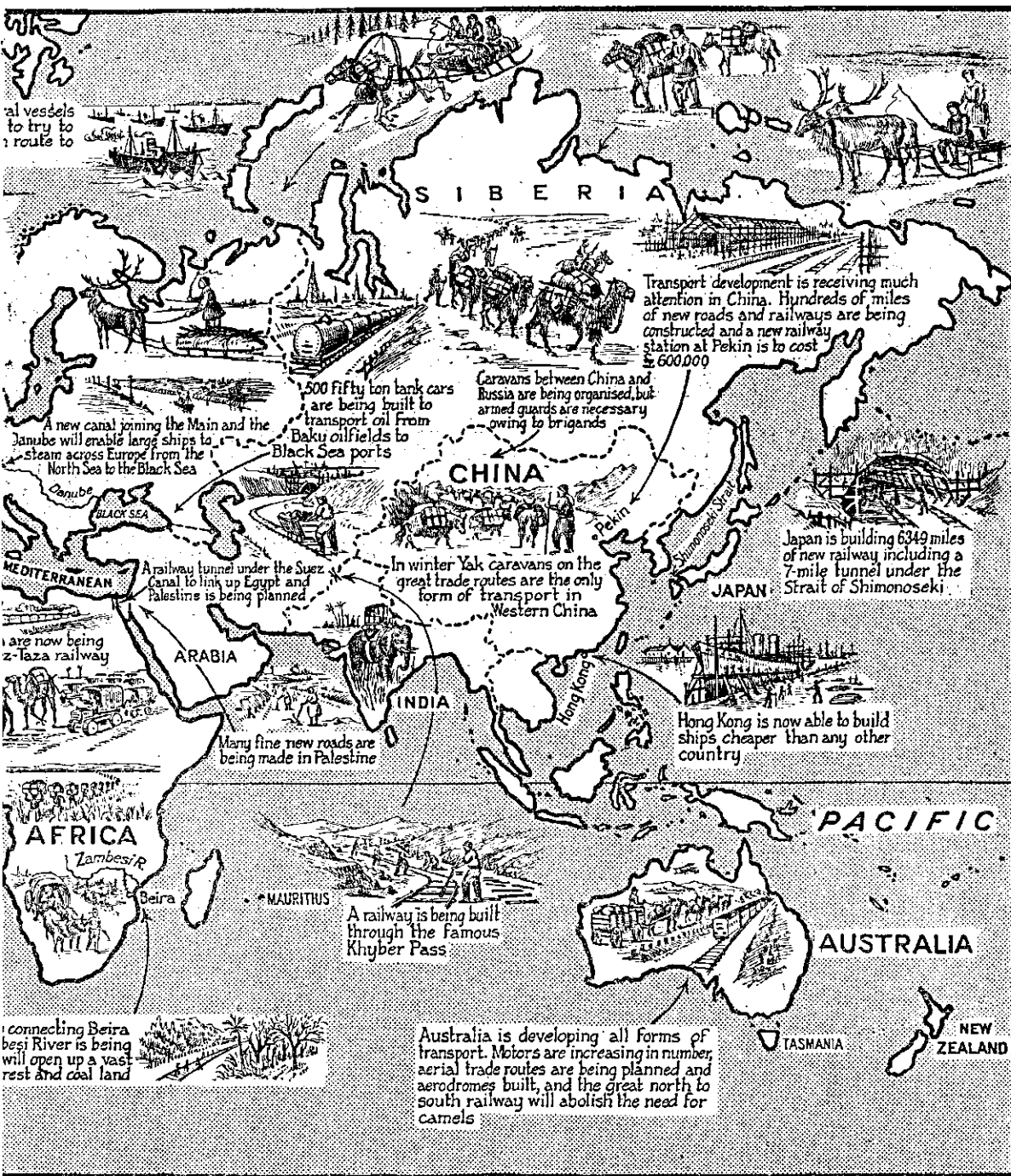
Transport that has been used for thousands of years



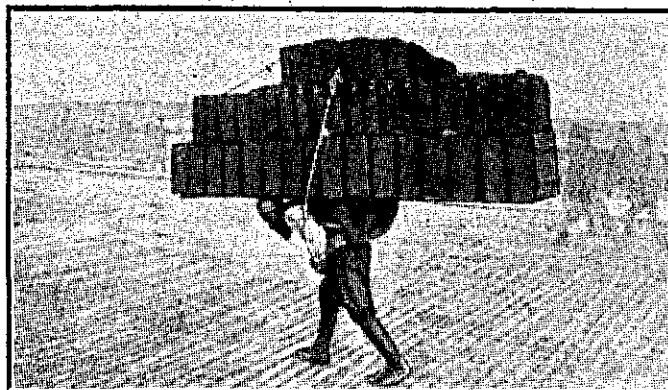
A loaded yak in Mongolia



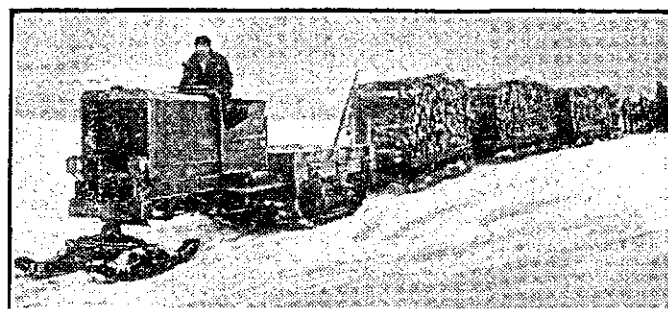
An elephant carrying timber in India



A great modern liner for passengers and goods



A typical porter in the streets of Constantinople

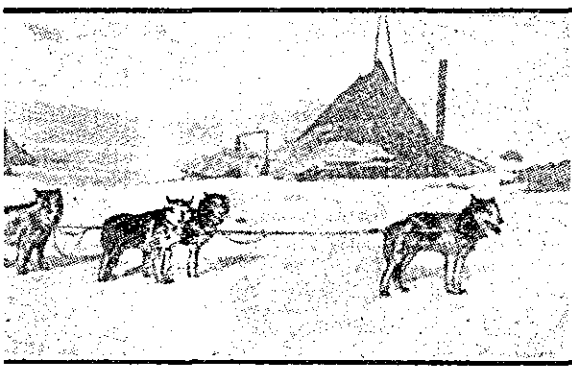


A tractor hauling logs on sleds in America



A commercial aeroplane being loaded up with parcels

AND IMPROVING METHODS OF TRANSPORT IS BEING DEALT WITH IN ALL COUNTRIES



on a long journey in Alaska



A five-ton motor lorry with a load of cotton

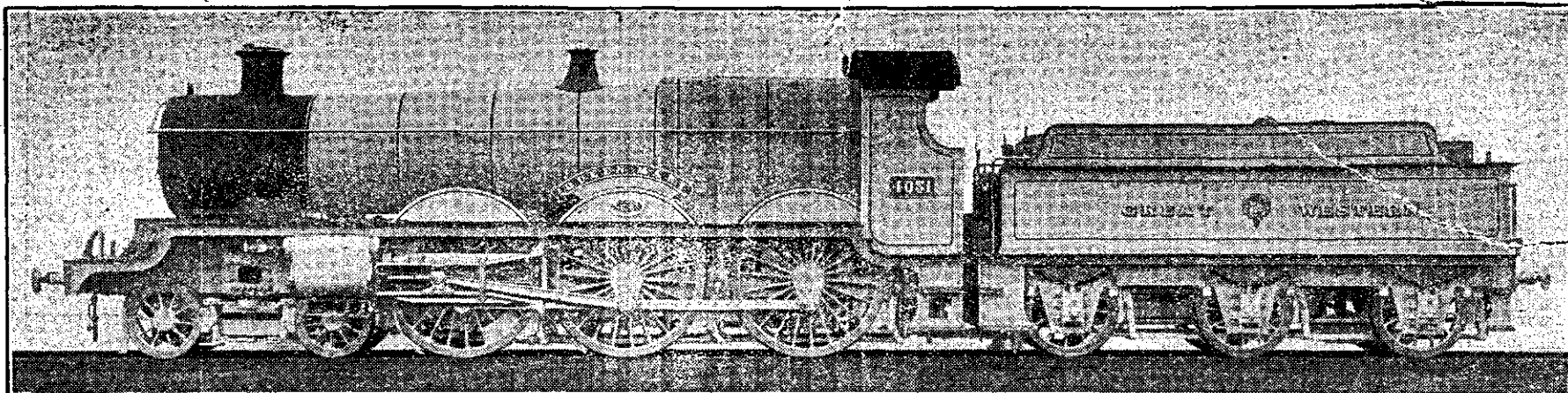
PRODUCES TO THE PLACES WHERE THEY ARE NEEDED IS BEING SOLVED, SO THAT GOODS MAY BECOME CHEAPER AND BUSINESS REVIVE

over the world to the great centres of population. The transport problem is being grappled with in every country, as can be seen by the

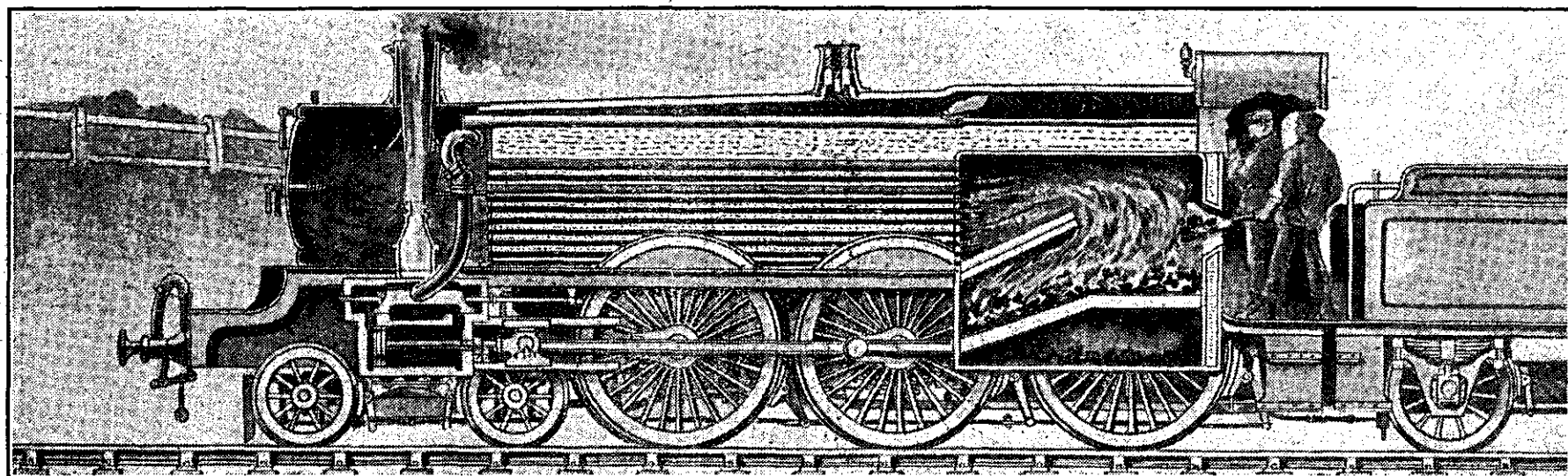
map on this page, and the pictures show the strange and varied means of conveyance used in different countries. See page 5.

Children's Newspaper Pictorial Supplement

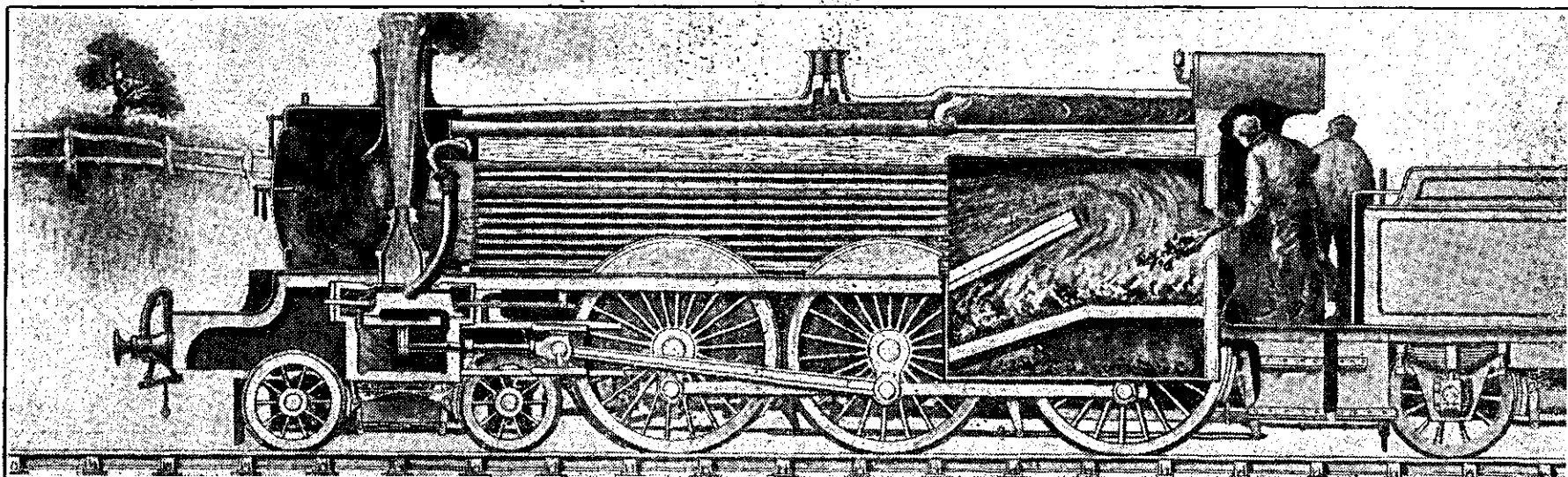
HOW FIRE AND WATER MAKE THE ENGINE GO



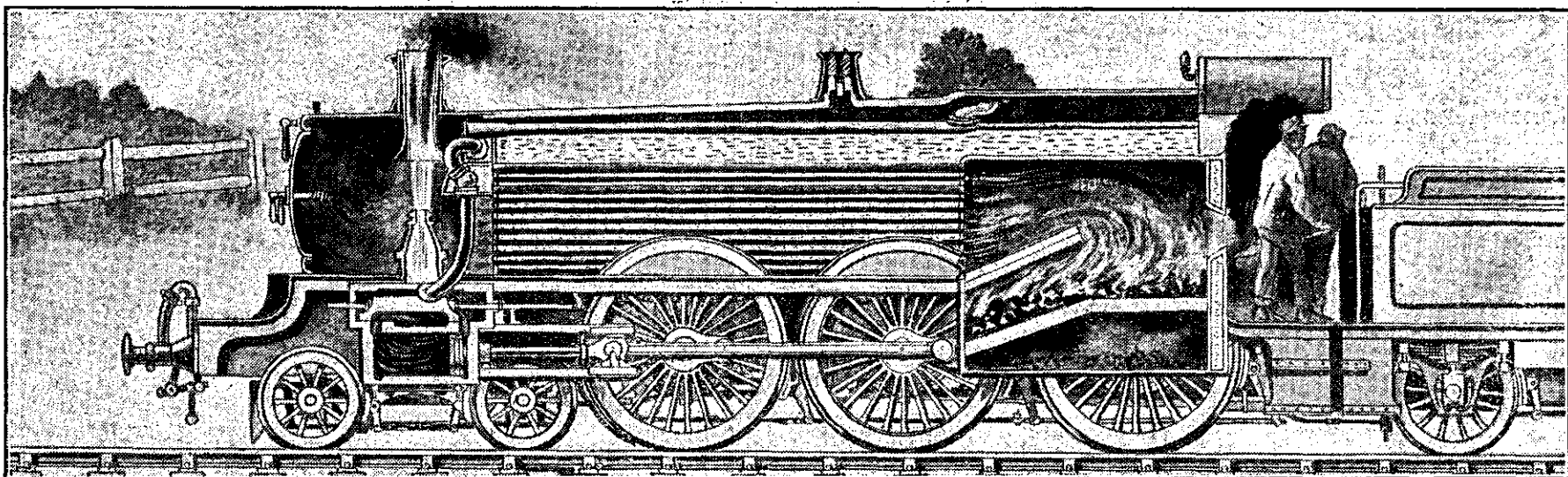
This Great Western Express engine, a fine type of British locomotive, weighs about 100 tons and pulls a load of 500 tons for over 200 miles without stopping at an average speed of 54 miles an hour. How it does so is shown below



Flames from the fire-box, or furnace, pass through the tubes and keep the water in the boiler at boiling point. The smoke escapes through the funnel. As the water boils steam is formed, and this rushes through a pipe at the top of the boiler to the front of the engine



The steam passes down a pipe into the cylinder, where it pushes forward the piston, and as the piston-rod attached to the piston works backwards and forwards it turns the wheels. In this picture the steam has just entered the cylinder and the piston is driven forward half way



The piston being driven to the end of the cylinder, the opening that admitted the steam is closed automatically, and another vent opens at the other end of the cylinder, through which the steam enters and drives back the piston. Thus there is a constant to-and-fro motion. Here we see the piston about to be driven back. The used-up steam escapes into the funnel

These pictures show just how it is that the steam from the boiler makes the locomotive move along. While here and there small sections of railway are being electrified, the steam-engine will, no doubt, for many years to come be the main form of traction on the railways of all countries

October 8, 1921

The Children's Newspaper

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The Clouds Will Always Pass Away



DI MERRYMAN

Two farmers met on market day.
"What is your son doing in London?" asked one.

"As far as I can see he's doing nothing but wasting money," replied the other.

"How so?"

"Why, by buying twopenny stamps to write home for a bigger allowance."

What Am I?

FIVE letters do compose my name;
Forward or backward read the same;
An instrument you'll find I'm made,
And useful in the mason's trade.

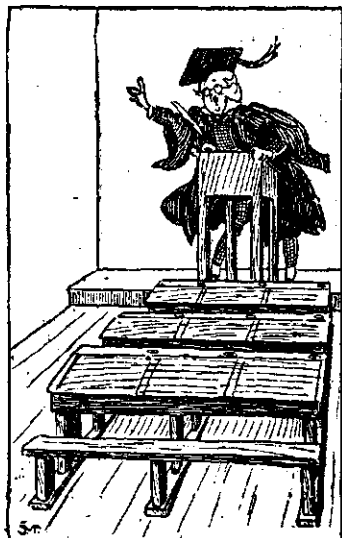
Solution next week

WHAT animal is always three feet long?
A yard dog.

Poor Puss

SAID a learned Professor of Slough,
When asked by a visitor "How
Would you deal with a cat
Which went mad on your mat?"
"I should waggle my whiskers and meow!"

WHEN is a sheep like ink?
When it is in a pen.



The Professor

SEVEN pupils in the class
Of Professor Callias
Listen silent while he drawls.
Three are benches, four are walls.
HENRY VAN DYKE

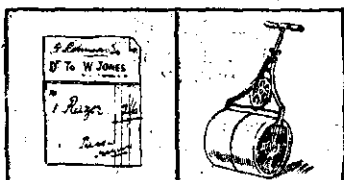
Do You Live in Holywell Street?

NAMES in which "well" occurs,
such as Holywell, Goswell,
and so on, generally mark the sites
of old springs where in former days
people obtained their water supply.

Catch Question

NEAR what brook was Elisha fed
by the ravens?
It was Elijah and not Elisha who
was fed by the ravens at the brook
Cherith.

What Birds Are These?



These pictures represent the names of
two birds. Do you know what they are?
Solutions next week

WHERE can happiness always be
found?
In the dictionary.

Mildred's and Mary's Nature Notes

The Blow-Fly

WE'D like to learn why
The bluebottle fly
Can walk upside down on the ceiling,
And also to know
How hard she can blow
And how the old lady is feeling.
On windows she goes,
Bump-bumping her nose!
We wonder why ever she does it;
Not, surely, to walk
From Ripon to York,
Because it is quicker to buzz it.

The Drawing-Room Lawn

AN old coloured woman who had
been employed on a farm in
America was brought into the house
to help while the maid was away.
She was taught how to use the
carpet-sweeper, and rather liked the
work. The second morning she
presented herself to her mistress
and said: "Shall I lawn-mower
de carpet agen dis morning, mum?"

Can You Read This?

Y	Y	U	R
Y	Y	U	B
I	C	U	R
Y	Y	4	Me

This simple verse is quite easy to read.
See how quickly you can find out what
it is. *Solution next week*

Nonsense

THERE was an old man of the sea
Who was hearty as hearty
could be;
So buoyant his laughter
He cracked every rafter,
And made himself deaf as a tree.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What is This? News

Arithmetical Puzzle COMIC

Events in History

Discovery of Canada by Cabot, 1497

Jacko Gets into Hot Water

WHEN Jacko and Bandy Bob had stopped laughing, Jacko
looked down at his clothes.

"I wonder what I look like," he said.

Bob began giggling again. "You do look a sight," he said.
And, indeed, anything funnier than Master Jacko in his big
brother's clothes—frock coat, silk hat, and white spats com-
plete—would be hard to find.

"Better go back and take 'em off," suggested Bob. "You'll
get in all right."

Jacko didn't doubt that, but he wasn't in too great a hurry
to change his clothes.

"Tell you what," he said; "let's go into that swagger tea
place in the High Street. They'll think it's Adolphus. It'll be
no end of a lark."

Bob thought so too, and off they trotted.

Bob felt distinctly nervous; but Jacko marched boldly in,
and sat down in a quiet corner.



He was in a state!

Bob, following him, caught his foot in a leg of the table and
almost had it over.

"Look out!" warned Jacko, in a loud whisper. "Don't
be such a clumsy—"

"What will you have, sir?" inquired a polite voice at his
elbow. It was a smart waitress.

"Oh, help!" muttered Jacko, not daring to look up. Then
he cleared his throat noisily, and said, "Tea and cakes, please."

"Yes, sir," said the smart waitress, and off she went.
She soon came back, and Jacko and Bob set to.

They had just polished off a plateful of cream buns, and
were quarrelling over who should have the last one, when some-
one said in a loud voice: "Is that Mr. Adolphus?"

"It looks uncommonly like him," said another voice; "but
it isn't. I believe it's that young scamp of a brother of his,
dressed up in his clothes."

"Quick!" cried Jacko, jumping up and running to the door.
Bob jumped up and ran after him.

"Hi! Stop!" shouted the waitress. "They haven't paid
their bill!" And everybody got very excited.

"Run like mad!" panted Jacko.
And they did! But just round the corner they butted into a
group of schoolboys.

"It's Jacko!" shouted one of them, catching hold of him.
"He's got his brother's clothes on! Let's duck him!"

"Let me go!" cried Jacko, hitting out right and left.
"Hold him! Hold him!" shouted the laughing boys.

In the middle of the uproar, who should come along but
Big Brother Adolphus.

"Let me go!" shrieked Jacko.
"Yes, let him go!" shouted Adolphus, who had recognised
the silk hat and the beautiful spats.

But the boys only laughed the louder. *Splash!*
He was in a state, was Big Brother Adolphus. And so was
Master Jacko when Adolphus had done with him!

Notes and Queries

What is the Meaning of Sotto
Voce? In an undertone or whisper.

Who is Mrs. Grundy? A
supposed critic of what is proper
and respectable. "What will Mrs.
Grundy say?" occurs in Bishop
Morton's "Speed the Plough,"
written in the 16th century.

What is the Portland Vase?

A famous dark-blue glass vase,
beautifully decorated with figures,
found near Rome in the 16th
century. The Duchess of Port-
land bought it about 1770 for
£1890, and in 1810 it was placed
in the British Museum. In 1845
a visitor smashed it to pieces, but
it has been skilfully repaired.

Ici on Parle Français



Le camion Le martin-Les pyramides
pêcheur

Le camion porte des marchandises
Le martin-pêcheur a un long bec
Les pyramides sont en Egypte



Le paravent Le plateau Le rouleau
Cachons-nous derrière le paravent
La domestique porte le plateau
Attention au rouleau à vapeur!

Tales Before Bedtime

An Exciting Tale

IT was an exciting tale—all
about a boy who ran away
one night, and got taken out
to sea as a stowaway.

Hugh had not finished the
story when the tea-bell rang.
As soon as he could get away
from the table he hurried back
to finish his book. It was dark
before he reached the end, and
when he went to bed that
night he dreamed that he had
run away to sea and was having
all the adventures he had been
reading about.

For days after that he
thought of nothing but the
little stowaway, till at last he
made up his mind to run away
himself.

It was dark when he started,
and angry black clouds made
everything look gloomy. Not
far from where he lived was a
river, and Hugh meant to get
on board one of the boats that
he had seen lying by.

But long before he got there
the rain started. Soon it came
down in a deluge, and Hugh
began to feel very cold and
wretched. To make matters
worse, a great dog ran out of a
garden and came bounding up
to him.

Hugh was terrified of big
dogs. He shrieked and ran on.
The dog barked and ran after
him.

"Prince! Prince! Come
here, sir!" cried a stern voice,
and at once the dog stopped.

Hugh stopped, too. Indeed,
he could not have gone on; he
was shaking from head to foot
with fear.

A man came out into the



It was a sea story

road and called to him.

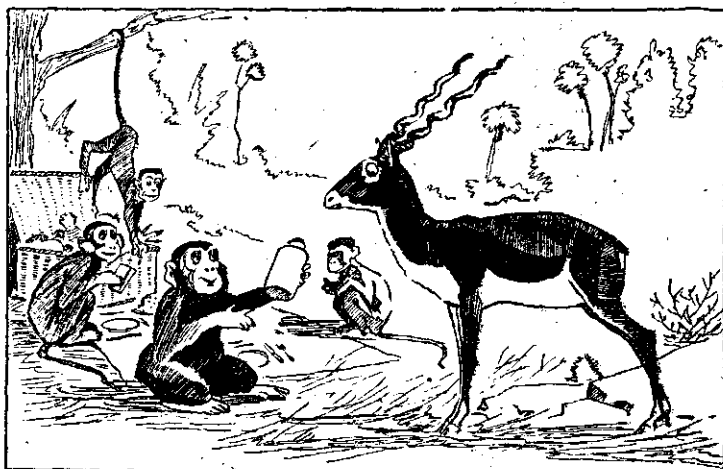
"Don't be afraid," he said;
"he won't hurt you. But how
wet you are! And where are
you going all by yourself on
such a night?"

Hugh's bravery suddenly
gave way, and, with the tears
streaming down his cheeks, he
blurted out his story.

"Dear! dear!" said his
new friend kindly. "Why,
that would never do! Come
along indoors with me, and
when you are a bit drier I will
take you home."

And so he did. A warm
fire and some hot tea soon
made Hugh feel himself again,
but it was the last time that
he tried to run away to sea.

At the Jungle Picnic



Mr. Chimpanzee: "So glad you have come, Mr. Antelope; we quite forgot
to bring the corkscrew."

The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.

CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

October 8, 1921

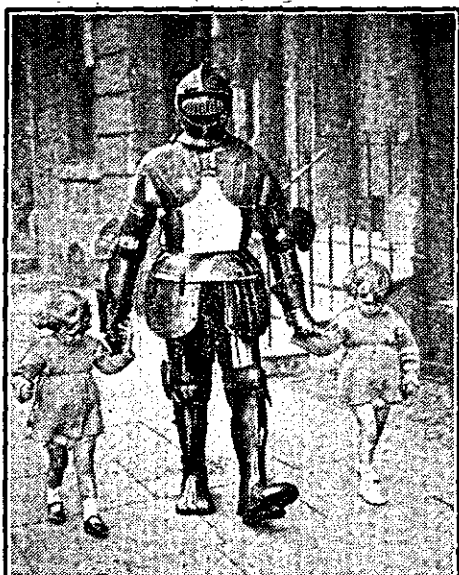
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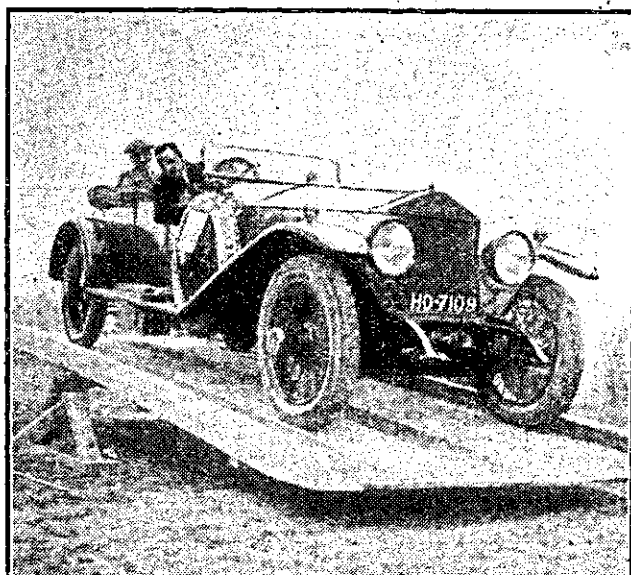
MOTOR ON THE SEE-SAW · ICE FOR THE ANTARCTIC · DOG FIREMAN



A Novel Grand Stand—During the recent regatta in Larne Harbour, County Antrim, which has just been revived after the war, some of the spectators used a large crane as a grand stand and obtained a splendid view of the races



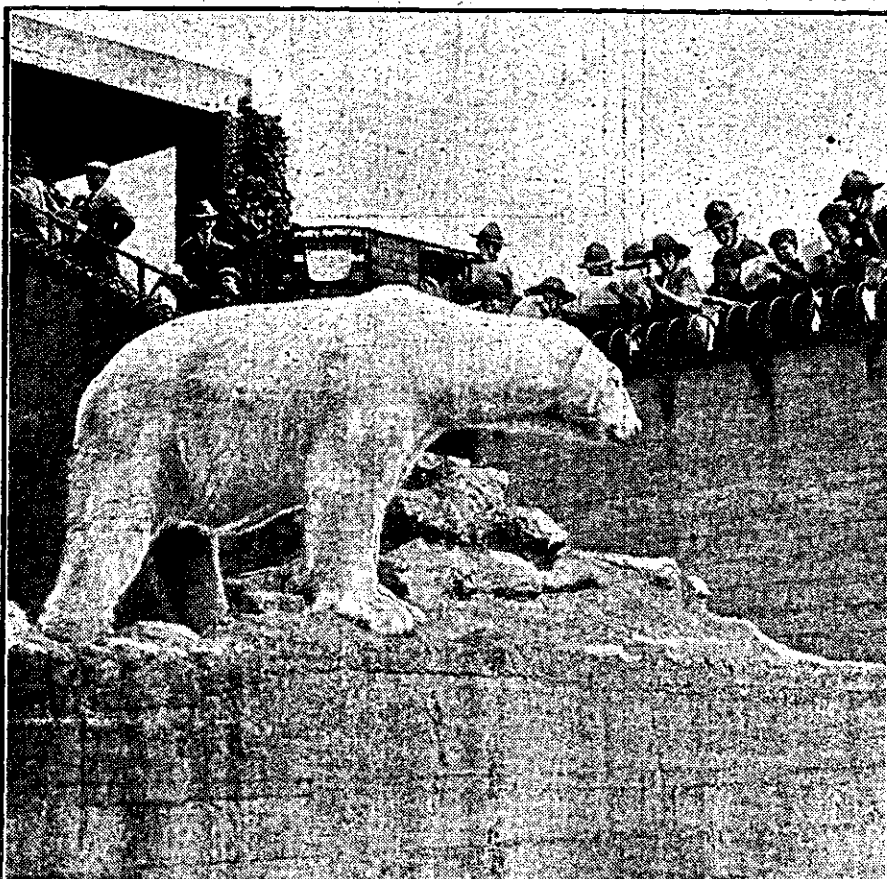
Sir Knight Goes for a Walk—Many people at Dorking rubbed their eyes the other day when they saw this dealer in antiques taking a walk with two little friends to advertise a suit of armour



On the See-Saw—At a motor gymkhana in Portsmouth the other day in aid of the Mayor's charities one of the features was a see-saw competition in which the prize went to the car that balanced itself on the see-saw in the shortest space of time



Ice for the Antarctic—This picture shows ice being taken on board the Quest to keep the cold store working



The Polar Bear Stands for Her Portrait—A number of Boy Scouts who visited the London Zoo the other day made sketches of one of the Polar bears, and the animal stood very quietly while the drawing was going on, as can be seen from this photograph



Girl Golf Champion—Miss Sarson, who has just won the Girls' Open Golf Championship, is here seen driving in fine style



A New Club for Scouts—This picture shows the library of the new club for Boy Scouts that has just been opened at the Imperial Headquarters in London by Sir Robert Baden-Powell, the Chief Scout



The Fireman's Dog—This dog, Buller, who lives at an important fire station in London, attends all fires, riding with the firemen on the engine, as shown here. The other day he saved three people by leading the firemen to a room where they were imprisoned